
Hergé · Rodier ·
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN
TINTIN
and
ALPH-ART
the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN and ALPH-ART



THE CULT OF TINTIN

- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

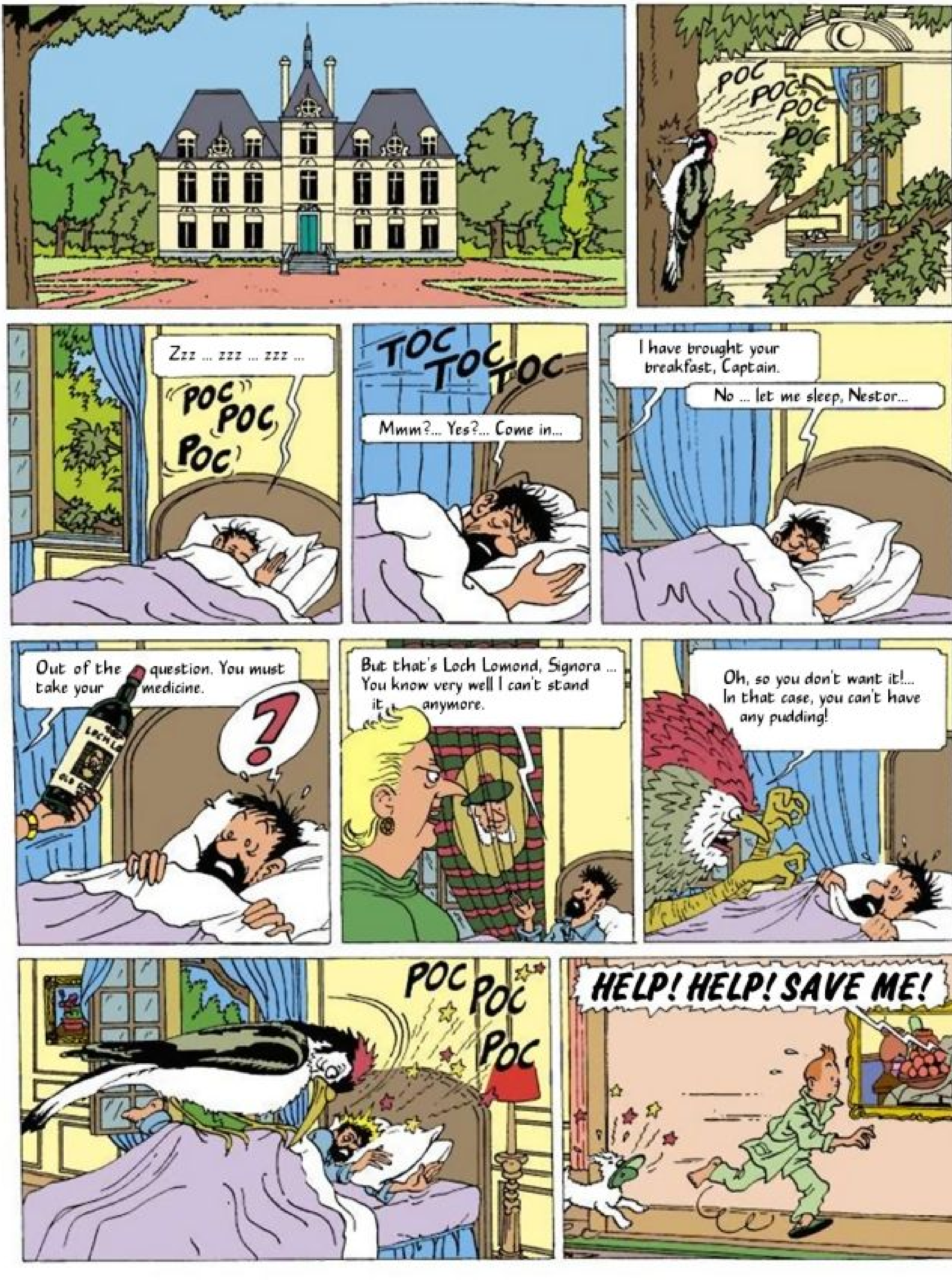
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN
and
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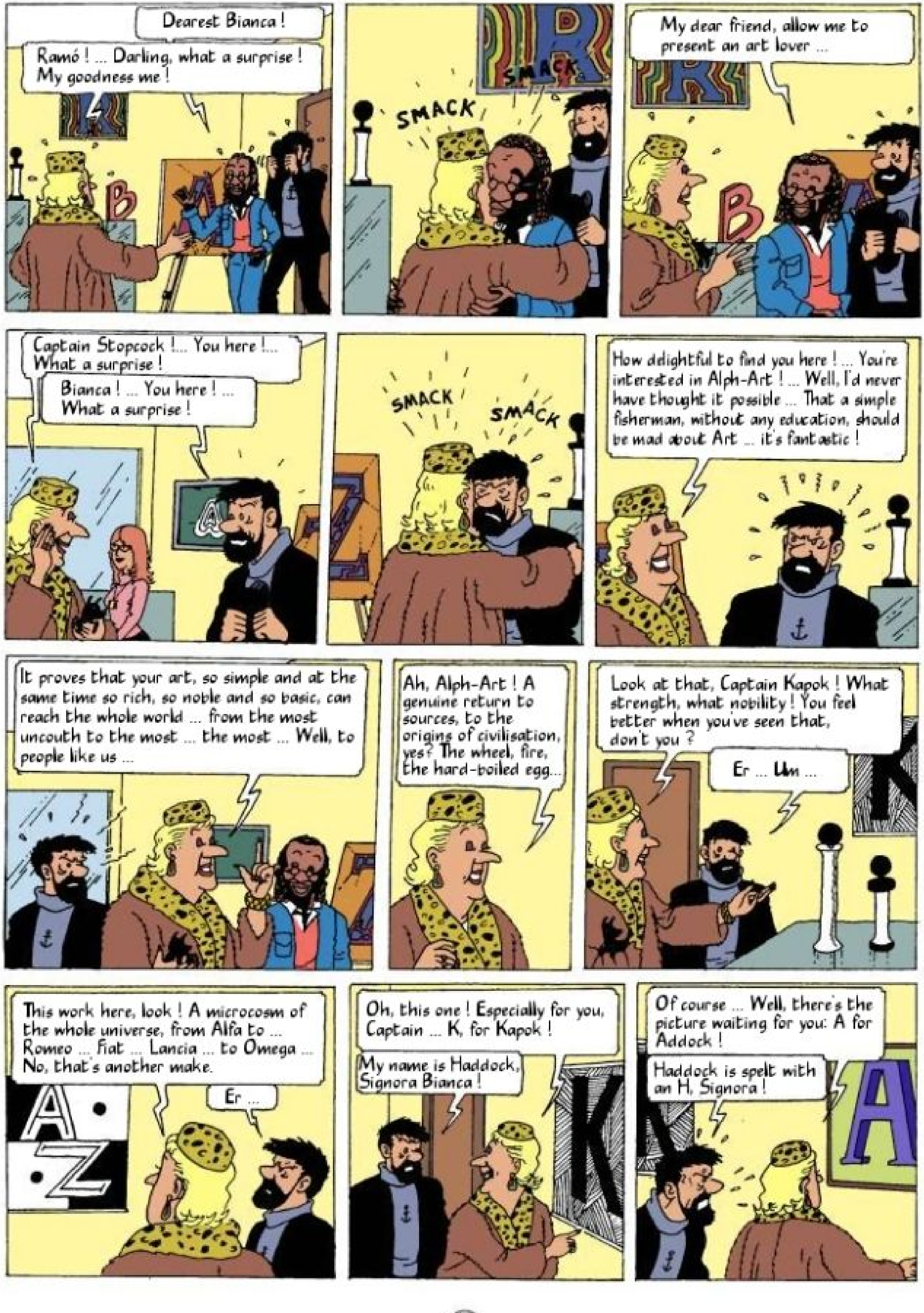
TINTIN and ALPH-ART

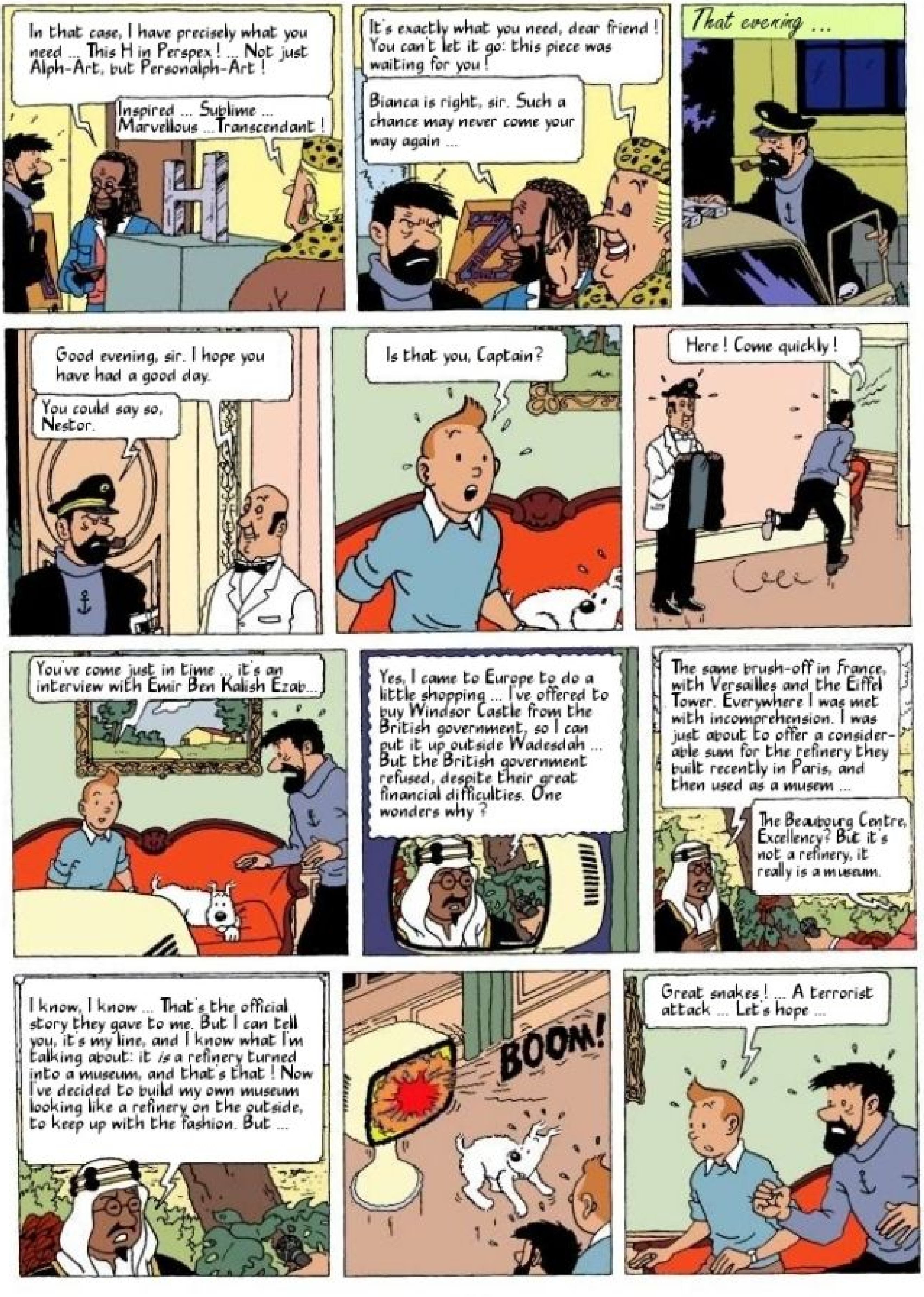


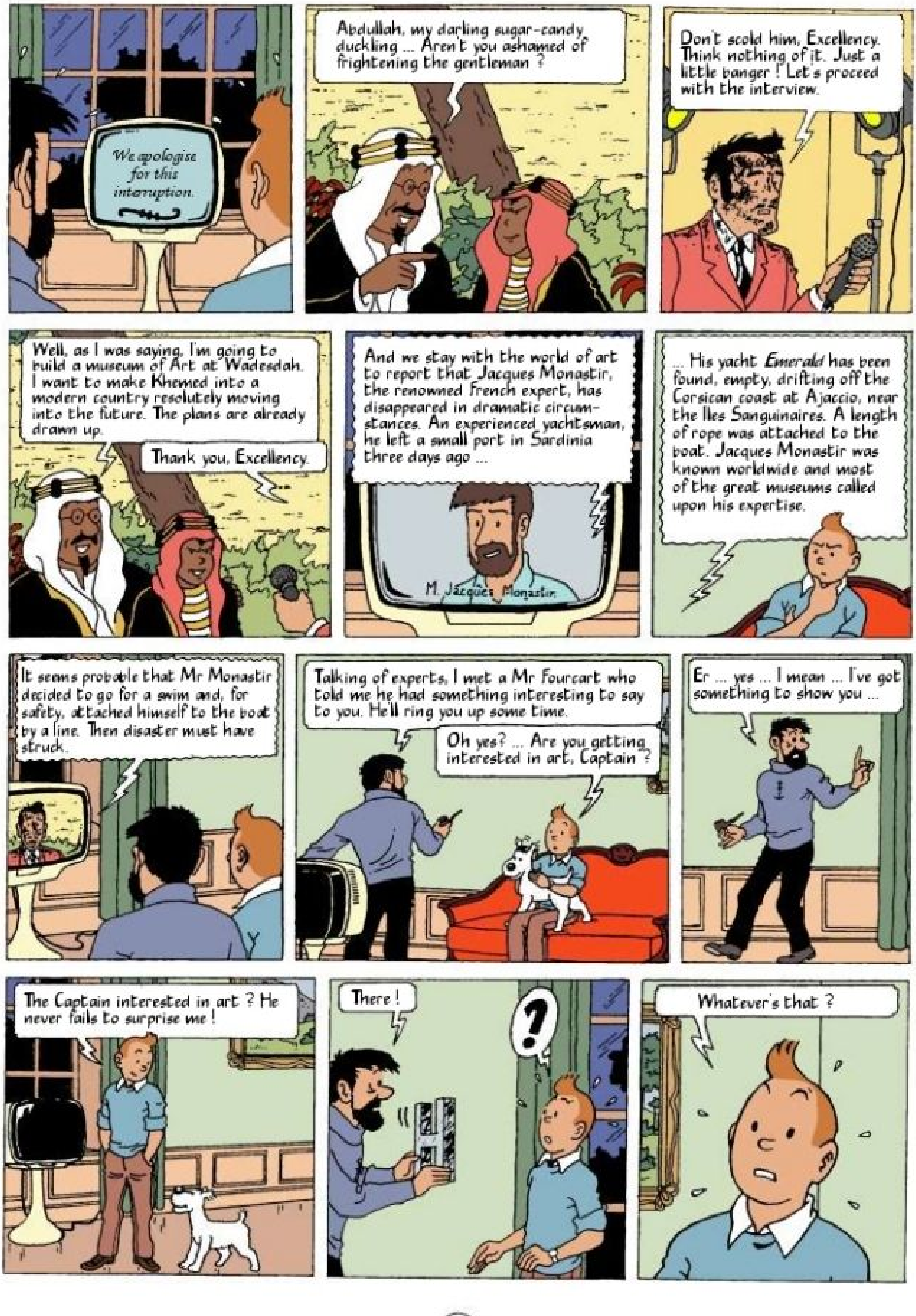

NO! NO! NOOO!
Captain!
Oh... Good heavens! But... Tintin...
What are you doing here?...
What a nightmare!
What a horrible nightmare ...
Just imagine...
RING
RRRING
Hello? Yes...
No, madam...
No, you have the wrong number...
No, this is not Mr Cutts the butcher!
Not at all, madam.
As I was telling you, a horrible nightmare... There was Nestor bringing my breakfast. But it wasn't Nestor, and it wasn't my breakfast either.
Oh yes?...
Then suddenly...
RRRING
Again?
Hello? Yes... Wh-wh-... what?... Who?... Signora Castafiore?
NOO!
Yes, I've just arrived from Los Angeles... Yes... And I'm in your country for two days. I'm planning to come and embrace you and my brave Hassock. How is he?
Very well, Signora, I... He's just gone out!... He will be most upset to have missed you...
Where are you calling from?
From the airport, caro mio...

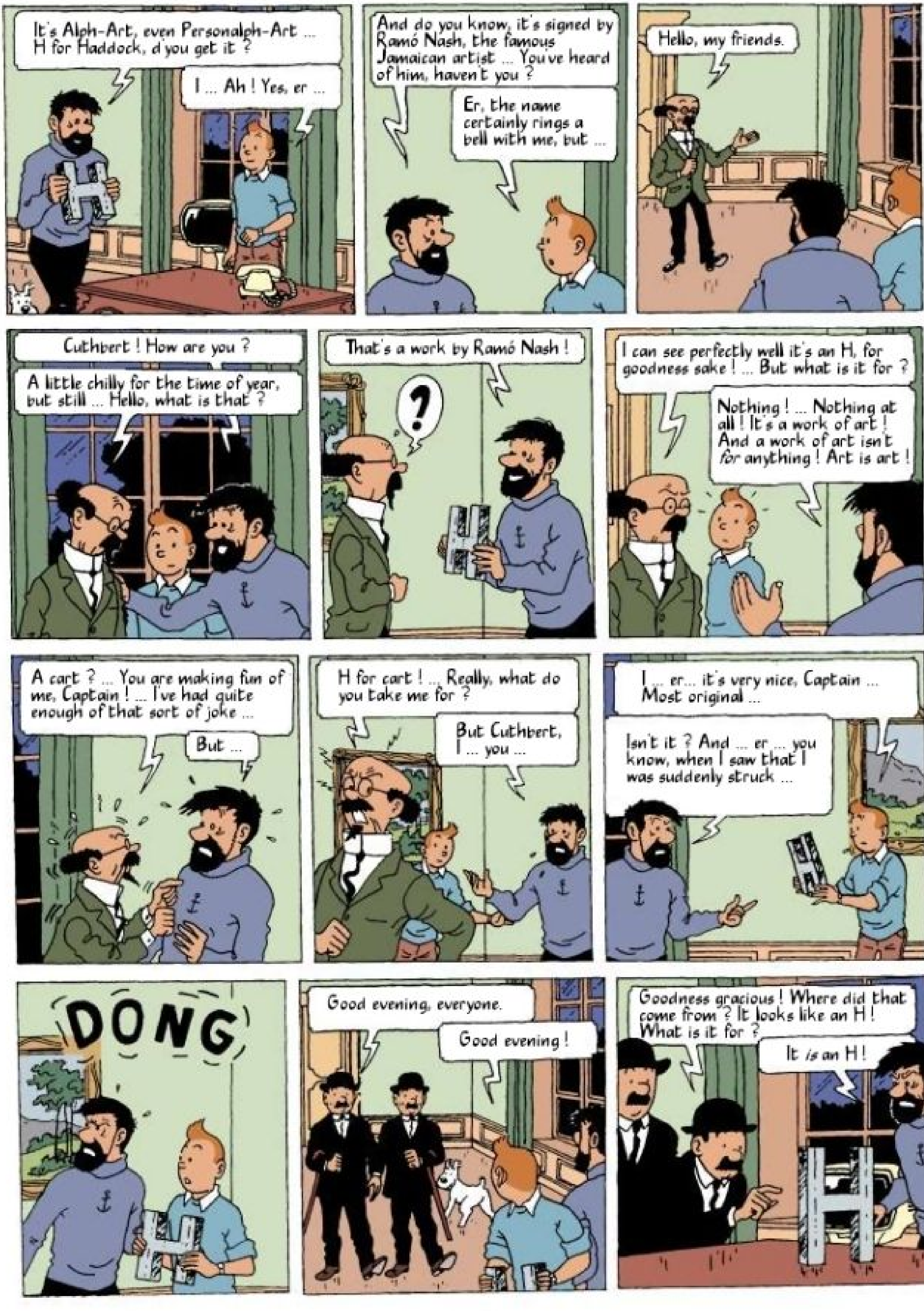

Oh? Um... could you come and visit tomorrow?
Oh, no!... Tomorrow is impossible - I have a date with Endaddine!
Endaddine?
Don't tell me you don't know Endaddine!... The great, the one and only Endaddine Akass! Come now, you must have heard of him! He is a fascinating man, darling, absolutely fascinating. You simply must meet him. He's the most m-a-a-rvellous mystic... Such power, such an aura!
He lays his hands on your head and you're magnetised for a year. In fact, I'm going to spend a few days with him... He has a villa... Ischia, you know... You absolutely have to meet him... He's inspired. Such a wonderful and charming man!
I... err...
But I must leave you now, I'm going window-shopping. Lots of kisses to my dear Paddock and Calculoopy. Ciao!
Goodbye, Signora.
Captain! Hey, Captain!
The Captain? He went out, sir. He seemed in a great hurry. He didn't even drink his coffee. He said he wouldn't be back until this evening.
Oh?... Right!
Yes, there's nothing I wouldn't do to escape her!
Lost in the crowd, here in town, I'm out of danger! Ha! Ha!
NOOO!
Catastrophe! Cataclysm! Calamity! Good heavens, what can I do?
GALERIE


Oh! Err... Good morning. I was just passing... Just thought I'd have a look around...
Of course, sir.
Oh! An exhibition of Ramó Nash!... Dearest Ramó... I'm wild about him... Perhaps he's there... Let's go in!
RAMO NASH • ALPH ART
!?!-?
I... err, excuse me...
I'm sorry... I'm disturbing you... I thought... I wanted to tell you how fascinating I find this exhibition...
You are interested in Alph-Art, sir?
Passionately... I'm absolutely wild about it... Nothing I like better, that's for sure.
I am Ramó Nash, sir. I thank you, and I congratulate you.
And this is Mr Fourcart, the director of the gallery...
How do you do, Mr...?
Haddock... Archibald Haddock.
Haddock?... Not by any chance Tintin's great friend?
That's me, yes.
H'm, h'm, h'mm. What a stroke of luck! It just so happens I have something interesting to tell him... Could I possibly have a number to contact him? As he is a journalist...
Of course, it's Marlinspike 621.
Good. Thank you very much. I'll leave you to go round the exhibition with Ramó Nash. I will call Tintin in a day or two.
This way, sir.


Dearest Bianca !
Ramó ! ... Darling, what a surprise ! My goodness me !
SMACK
SMACK
My dear friend, allow me to present an art lover ...
Captain Stopcock !... You here !... What a surprise !
Bianca ! ... You here ! ... What a surprise !
SMACK
SMACK
How delightful to find you here ! ... You're interested in Alph-Art ! ... Well, I'd never have thought it possible ... That a simple fisherman, without any education, should be mad about Art ... it's fantastic !
It proves that your art, so simple and at the same time so rich, so noble and so basic, can reach the whole world ... from the most uncouth to the most ... the most ... Well, to people like us ...
Ah, Alph-Art ! A genuine return to sources, to the origins of civilisation, yes? The wheel, fire, the hard-boiled egg...
Look at that, Captain Kapok ! What strength, what nobility ! You feel better when you've seen that, don't you ?
Er ... Um ...
This work here, look ! A microcosm of the whole universe, from Alfa to ... Romeo ... Fiat ... Lancia ... to Omega ... No, that's another make.
Er ...
Oh, this one ! Especially for you, Captain ... K, for Kapok !
My name is Haddock, Signora Bianca !
Of course ... Well, there's the picture waiting for you: A for Addock !
Haddock is spelt with an H, Signora !


In that case, I have precisely what you need ... This H in Perspex ! ... Not just Alph-Art, but Personalph-Art !
Inspired ... Sublime ... Marvellous ... Transcendant !
It's exactly what you need, dear friend ! You can't let it go: this piece was waiting for you !
Bianca is right, sir. Such a chance may never come your way again ...
That evening ...
Good evening, sir. I hope you have had a good day.
You could say so, Nestor.
Is that you, Captain?
Here ! Come quickly !
You've come just in time ... it's an interview with Emir Ben Kalish Ezab...
Yes, I came to Europe to do a little shopping ... I've offered to buy Windsor Castle from the British government, so I can put it up outside Wadesdah ... But the British government refused, despite their great financial difficulties. One wonders why ?
The same brush-off in France, with Versailles and the Eiffel Tower. Everywhere I was met with incomprehension. I was just about to offer a considerable sum for the refinery they built recently in Paris, and then used as a musem ...
The Beaubourg Centre, Excellency? But it's not a refinery, it really is a museum.
I know, I know ... That's the official story they gave to me. But I can tell you, it's my line, and I know what I'm talking about: it *is* a refinery turned into a museum, and that's that ! Now I've decided to build my own museum looking like a refinery on the outside, to keep up with the fashion. But ...
BOOM!
Great snakes ! ... A terrorist attack ... Let's hope ...

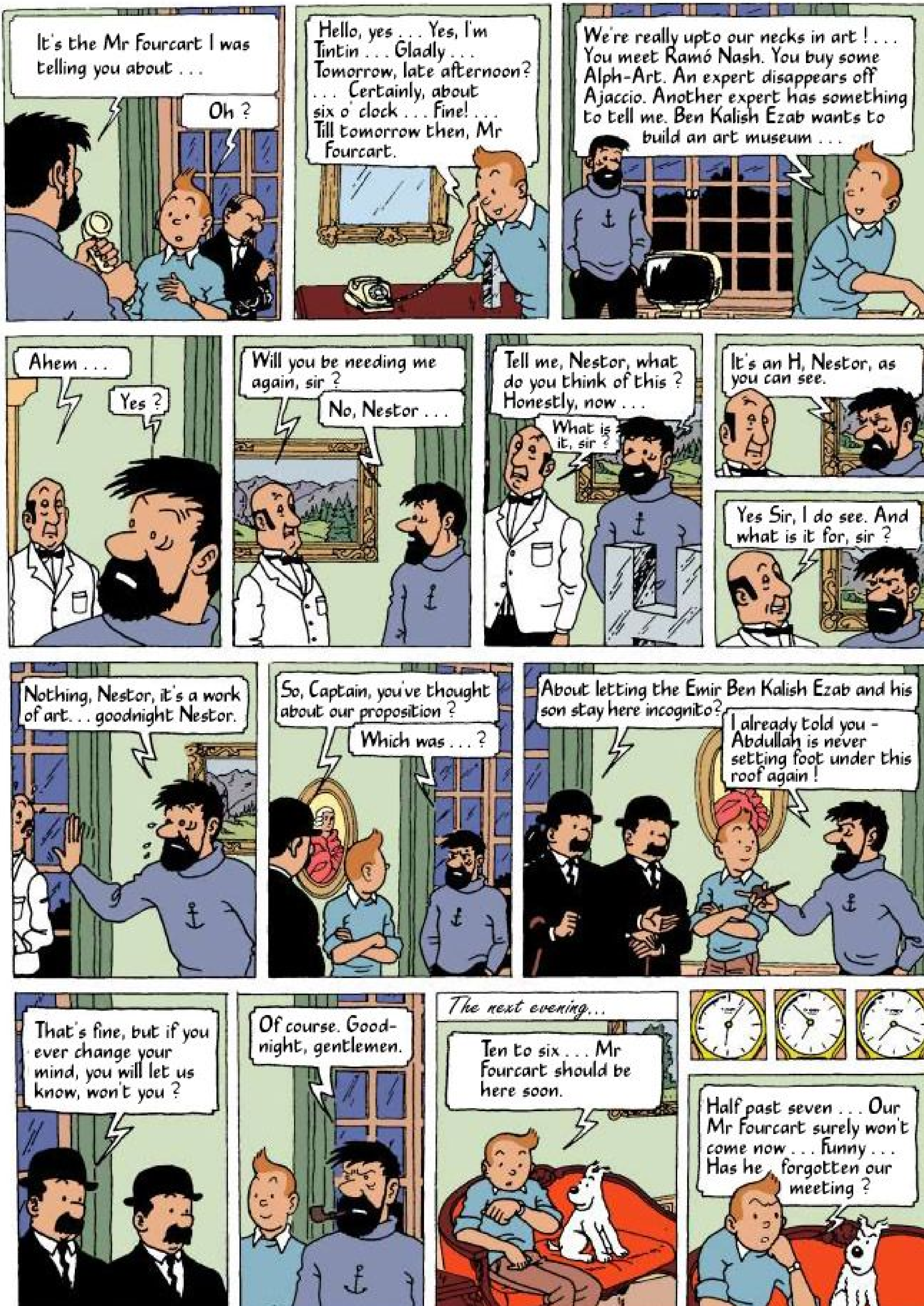

We apologise for this interruption.
Abdullah, my darling sugar-candy duckling ... Aren't you ashamed of frightening the gentleman ?
Don't scold him, Excellency. Think nothing of it. Just a little banger ! Let's proceed with the interview.
Well, as I was saying, I'm going to build a museum of Art at Wadesdah. I want to make Khemed into a modern country resolutely moving into the future. The plans are already drawn up.
Thank you, Excellency.
And we stay with the world of art to report that Jacques Monastir, the renowned French expert, has disappeared in dramatic circumstances. An experienced yachtsman, he left a small port in Sardinia three days ago ...
M. Jacques Monastir
... His yacht Emerald has been found, empty, drifting off the Corsican coast at Ajaccio, near the Iles Sanguinaires. A length of rope was attached to the boat. Jacques Monastir was known worldwide and most of the great museums called upon his expertise.
It seems probable that Mr Monastir decided to go for a swim and, for safety, attached himself to the boat by a line. Then disaster must have struck.
Talking of experts, I met a Mr Fourcart who told me he had something interesting to say to you. He'll ring you up some time.
Oh yes? ... Are you getting interested in art, Captain ?
Er ... yes ... I mean ... I've got something to show you ...
The Captain interested in art ? He never fails to surprise me !
There !
?
Whatever's that ?


It's Alph-Art, even Personalph-Art ... H for Haddock, d'you get it ?
I ... Ah ! Yes, er ...
And do you know, it's signed by Ramó Nash, the famous Jamaican artist ... You've heard of him, haven't you ?
Er, the name certainly rings a bell with me, but ...
Hello, my friends.
Cuthbert ! How are you ?
A little chilly for the time of year, but still ... Hello, what is that ?
That's a work by Ramó Nash !
?
I can see perfectly well it's an H, for goodness sake ! ... But what is it for ?
Nothing ! ... Nothing at all ! It's a work of art ! And a work of art isn't *for* anything ! Art is art !
A cart ? ... You are making fun of me, Captain ! ... I've had quite enough of that sort of joke ...
But ...
H for cart ! ... Really, what do you take me for ?
But Cuthbert, I ... you ...
I ... er ... it's very nice, Captain ... Most original ...
Isn't it ? And ... er ... you know, when I saw that I was suddenly struck ...
DONG
Good evening, everyone.
Good evening !
Goodness gracious ! Where did that come from ? It looks like an H ! What is it for ?
It *is* an H !


It isn't *for* anything !!! It's Alph-Art, that's all. And it isn't *for* anything !
Oh, good ! Oh well! Oh ! Good, good, good.
Well, well.
And what fair wind blows you here, gentlemen ?
Well, it's like this.
Perhaps you know that Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is on a visit to this country ...
Yes, we just saw him on television.
Well, we have received certain information which makes us fear a terrorist attack upon him.
Really ?
Yes, it's feared that he may be kidnapped by a Palestinian commando.
And what does this have to do with us ?
Well, we thought that perhaps, since you know him well, you might put him up here, incognito, him and his son ... A cigar, Captain ?
Thanks.
My dear friends, I should be happy to accommodate, an entire tribe of Carpathian bachi-bazouks, or even ...
... or even a herd of fully-grown buffalo ... but have young Abdullah here ? Never again ! Not a chance !
But he's the nicest little boy in the world ... These cigars we're smoking, he gave them to us himself.
That was kind, eh ?
You think so ? Well, if I were you I'd watch out, because that little brat ...
!
!
BANG
BANG

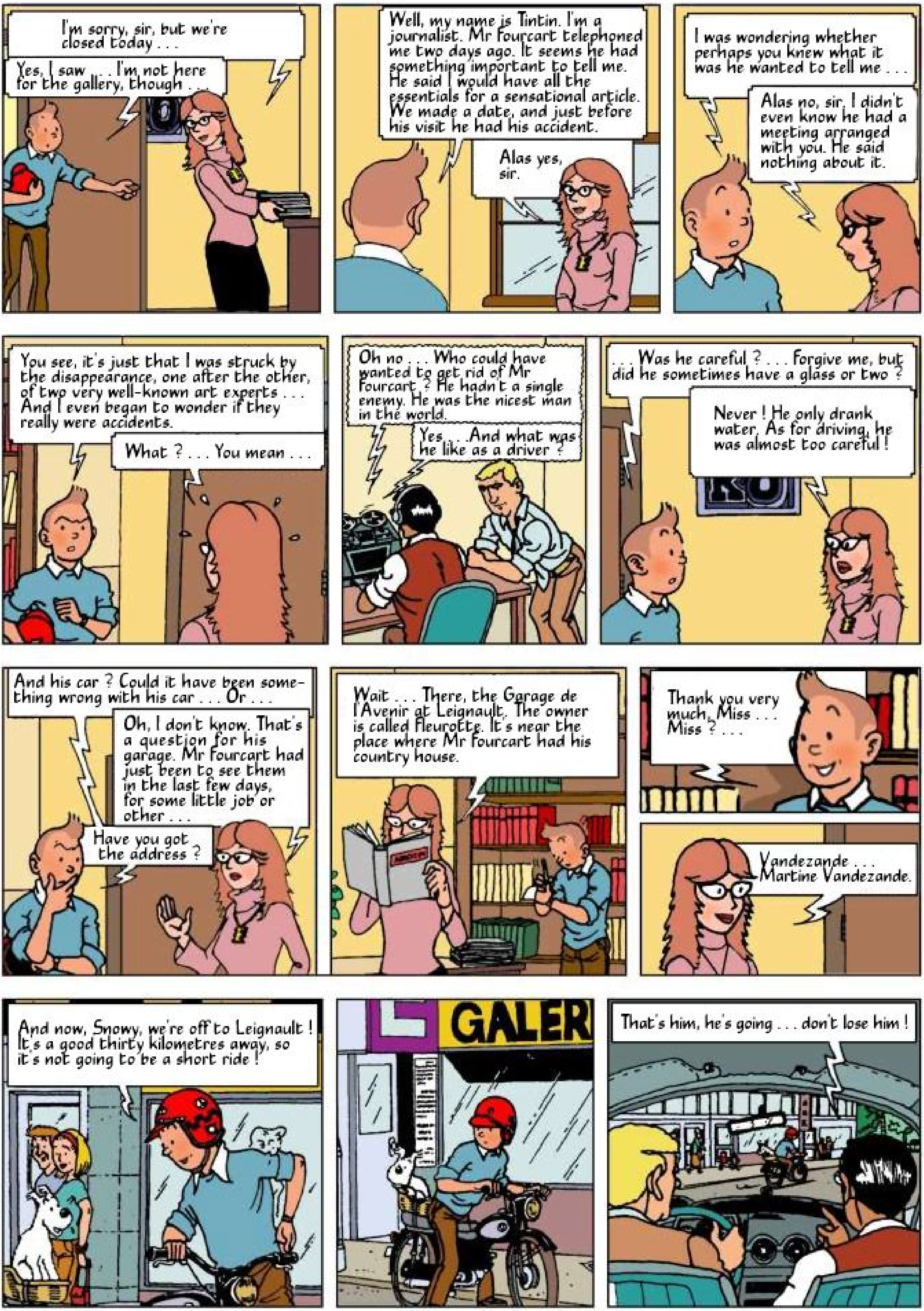


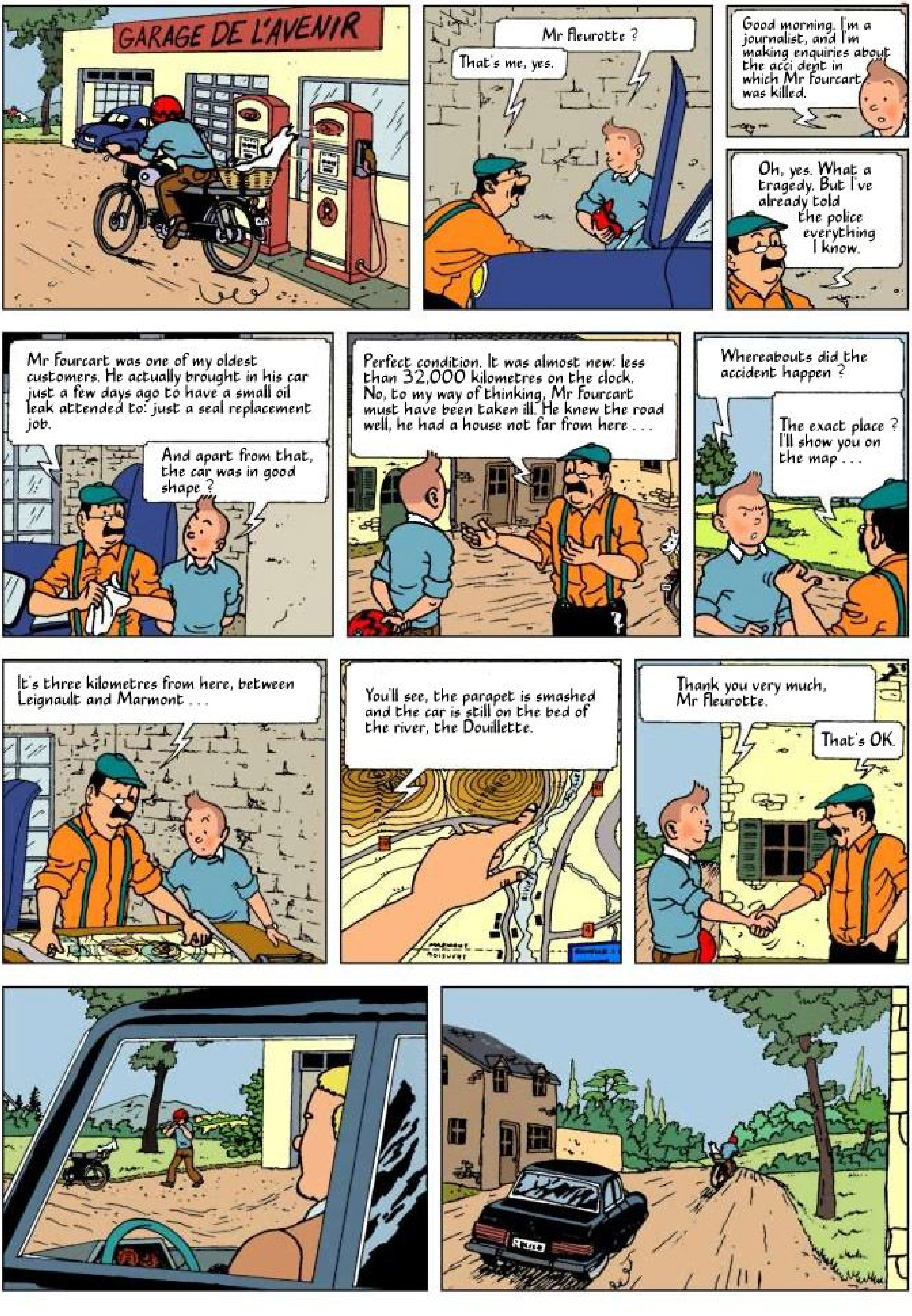
What did I tell you ? Ha, ha ! I know that little fiend !
Are you okay, my poor friends ?
Ha, ha, ha !
BANG
!
Abdullah, just wait till I catch you !
Have we got a war on here ?
No, no war ... Exploding cigars ... Someone played a joke on us ...
Aha, exploding cigars ! They were a specialty of my Uncle Anatole. Them and the dribbling glass.
My, my, what's this thingummy ? Looks like an H, eh ?
Yes, it is an H.
So what's that whatsit for, then ?
IT IS A WORK OF ART ! IT IS ALPH-ART ! IT IS BY RAMÓ NASH AND IT IS FOR ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT ALL !!!
Calm down, Captain.
RRRING RRING !
Hello ? No, this is *not* Mr Cutts the butcher ...
I ... err ... What ? Ah, I beg your pardon. Just a moment, and I'll pass you over to him.

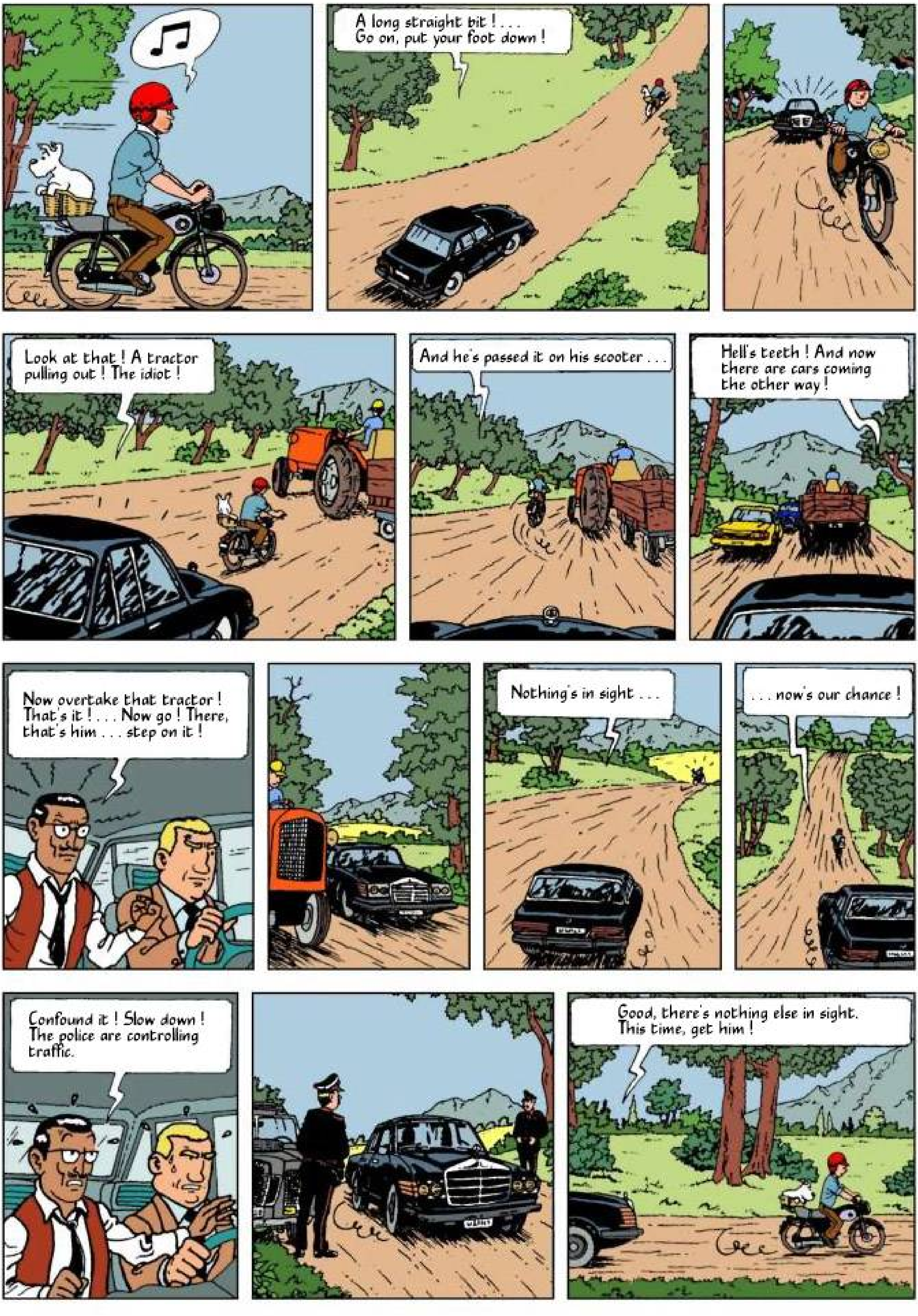

It's the Mr Fourcart I was telling you about . . .
Oh ?
Hello, yes . . . Yes, I'm Tintin . . . Gladly . . . Tomorrow, late afternoon? . . . Certainly, about six o' clock . . . Fine! . . . Till tomorrow then, Mr Fourcart.
We're really upto our necks in art ! . . . You meet Ramó Nash. You buy some Alph-Art. An expert disappears off Ajaccio. Another expert has something to tell me. Ben Kalish Ezab wants to build an art museum . . .
Ahem . . .
Yes ?
Will you be needing me again, sir ?
No, Nestor . . .
Tell me, Nestor, what do you think of this ? Honestly, now . . .
What is it, sir ?
It's an H, Nestor, as you can see.
Yes Sir, I do see. And what is it for, sir ?
Nothing, Nestor, it's a work of art. . . goodnight Nestor.
So, Captain, you've thought about our proposition ?
Which was . . . ?
About letting the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab and his son stay here incognito ?
I already told you - Abdullah is never setting foot under this roof again !
That's fine, but if you ever change your mind, you will let us know, won't you ?
Of course. Good-night, gentlemen.
The next evening...
Ten to six . . . Mr Fourcart should be here soon.
Half past seven . . . Our Mr Fourcart surely won't come now . . . Funny . . . Has he forgotten our meeting ?

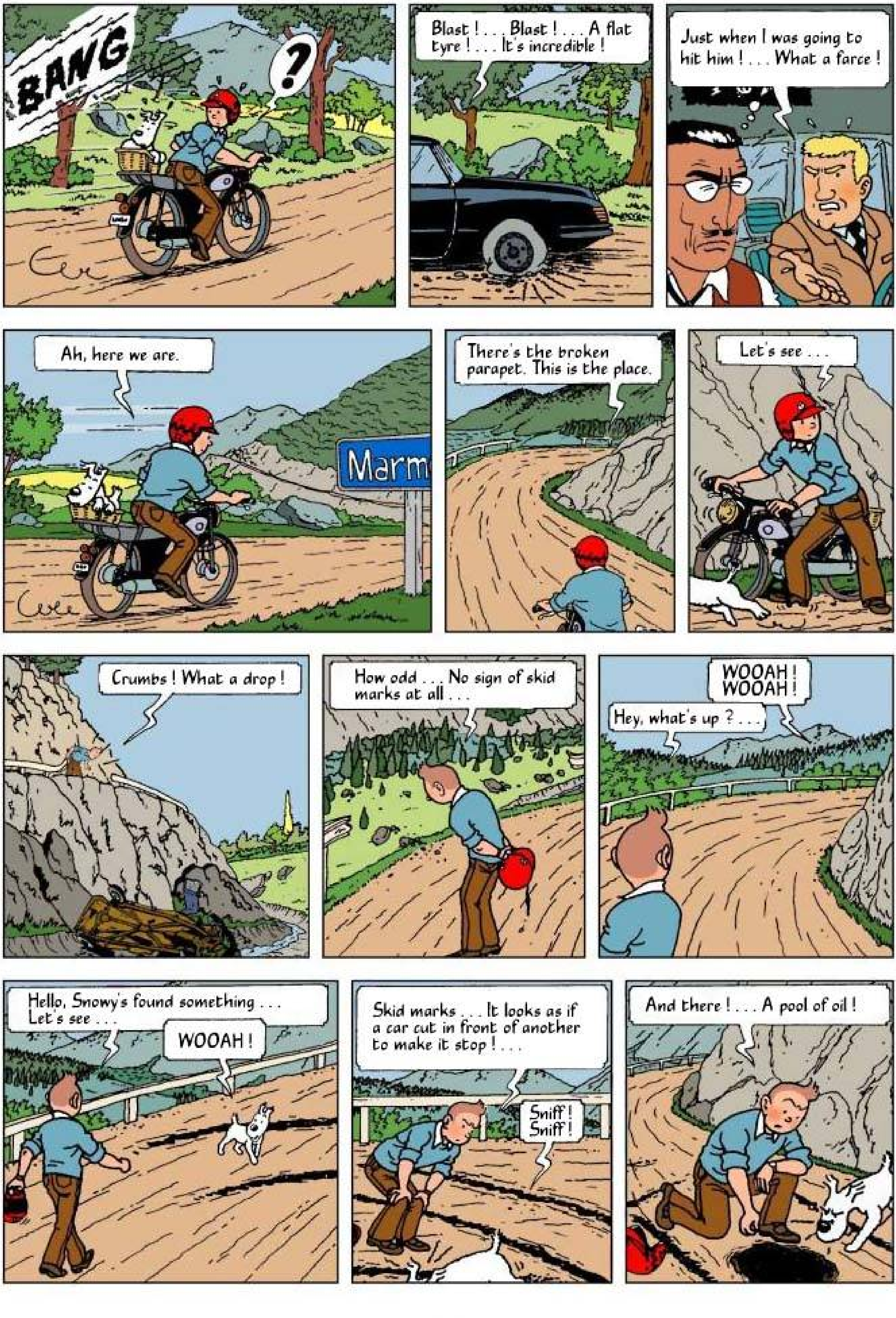


The next morning...
Ah, the newspaper – thanks Snowy.
Let's see . . . what fresh disaster have they got for us today ?
NO!
!
FOURCART DIES
Art world mourns again
Yesterday, Jacques Monastir disappeared off Ajaccio, near the îles Sanguinaires. Today, renowned expert Henry Fourcart met his end in an accident.
His car skidded on a bend, plunged into a dry riverbed and burst into flames. The doomed driver perished in the blaze. No other details are known at present.
A CHARITY CON
Singers the world over have been recruited to take part in a huge concert to take
In brief
All very mysterious . . . He had something to tell me ! And he died, too . . .
. . . like his unhappy colleague . . .
Alas, yes, poor man ! A chapter of accidents . . .
But what if they weren't accidents ?
Oh, you ! You always see mysteries everywhere !
Yes, you're probably right, Captain . . . But even so, tomorrow I shall make a few enquiries . . .
The next morning ...
You wait there quietly for me, Snowy, my friend.
CLOSED
When was the last time YOU had a checkup ?

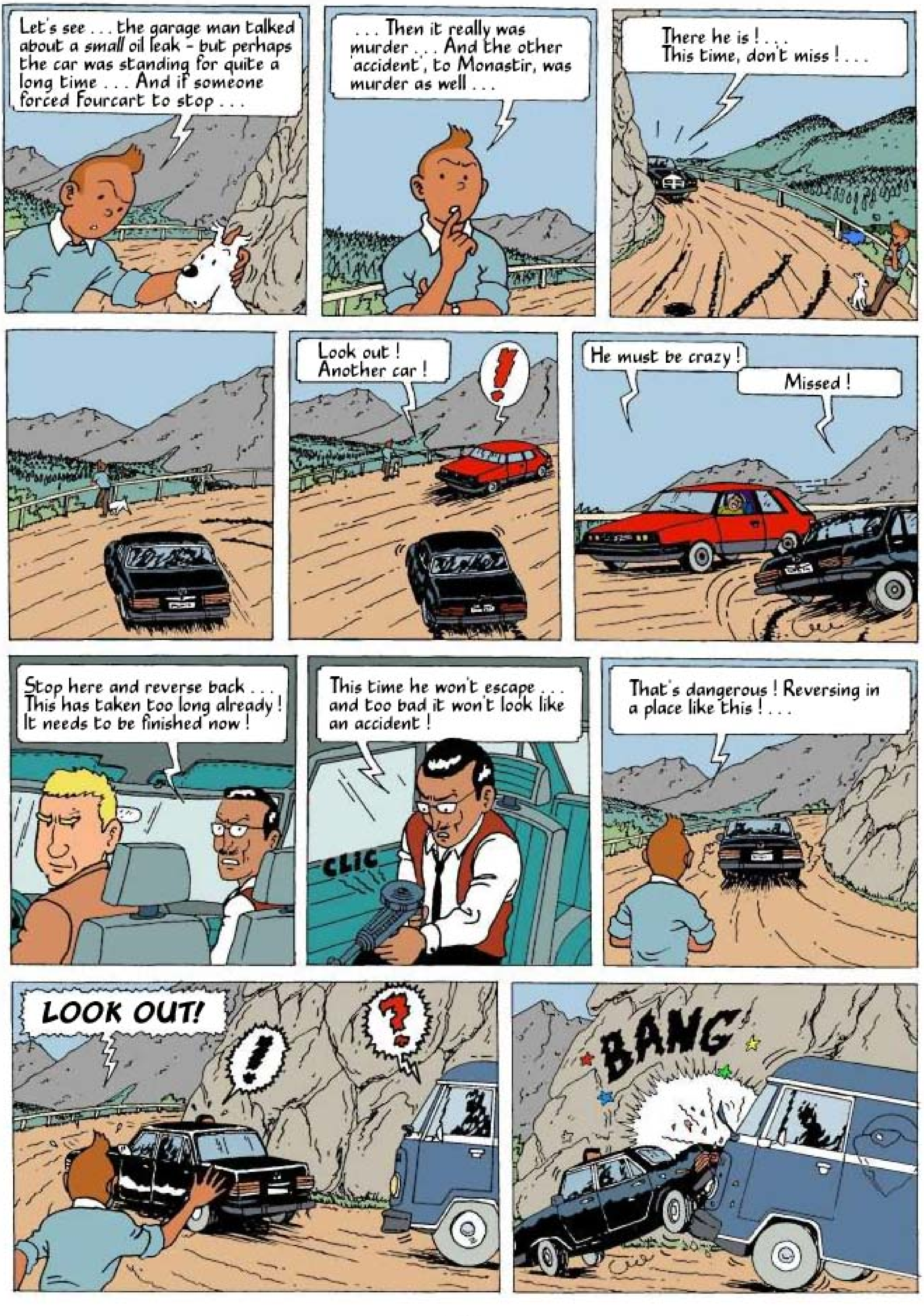

I'm sorry, sir, but we're closed today . . .
Yes, I saw . . . I'm not here for the gallery, though . . .
Well, my name is Tintin. I'm a journalist. Mr Fourcart telephoned me two days ago. It seems he had something important to tell me. He said I would have all the essentials for a sensational article. We made a date, and just before his visit he had his accident.
Alas yes, sir.
I was wondering whether perhaps you knew what it was he wanted to tell me . . .
Alas no, sir. I didn't even know he had a meeting arranged with you. He said nothing about it.
You see, it's just that I was struck by the disappearance, one after the other, of two very well-known art experts . . . And I even began to wonder if they really were accidents.
What ? . . . You mean . . .
Oh no . . . Who could have wanted to get rid of Mr Fourcart ? He hadn't a single enemy. He was the nicest man in the world.
Yes . . . And what was he like as a driver ?
. . . Was he careful ? . . . Forgive me, but did he sometimes have a glass or two ?
Never ! He only drank water. As for driving, he was almost too careful !
And his car ? Could it have been something wrong with his car . . . Or . . .
Oh, I don't know. That's a question for his garage. Mr Fourcart had just been to see them in the last few days, for some little job or other . . .
Have you got the address ?
Wait . . . There, the Garage de l'Avenir at Leignault. The owner is called Fleurotte. It's near the place where Mr Fourcart had his country house.
Thank you very much, Miss . . . Miss ? . . .
Vandezande . . . Martine Vandezande.
And now, Snowy, we're off to Leignault ! It's a good thirty kilometres away, so it's not going to be a short ride !
GALER
That's him, he's going . . . don't lose him !

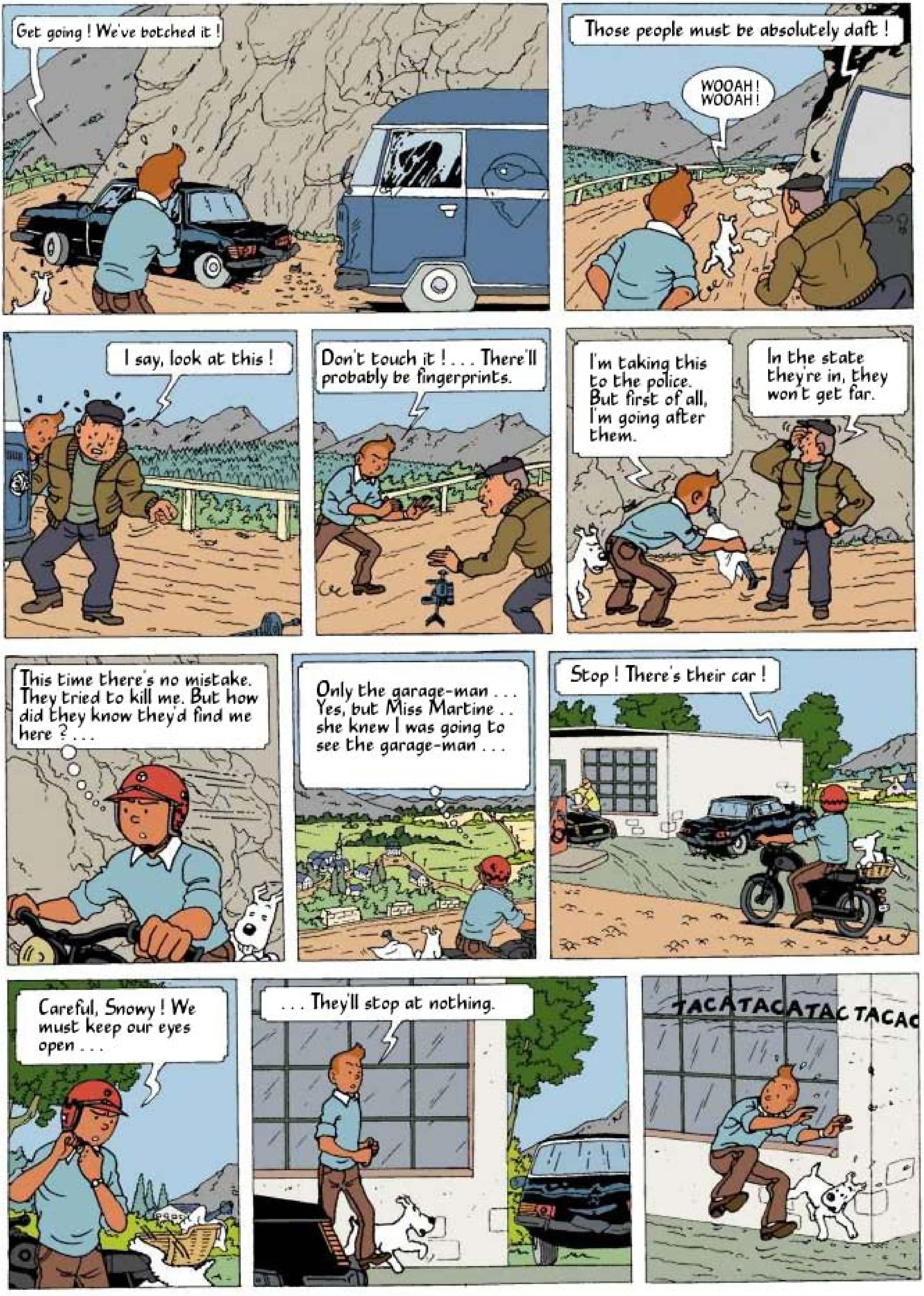

GARAGE DE L'AVENIR
Mr Fleurotte ?
That's me, yes.
Good morning. I'm a journalist, and I'm making enquiries about the acci dent in which Mr Fourcart was killed.
Oh, yes. What a tragedy. But I've already told the police everything I know.
Mr Fourcart was one of my oldest customers. He actually brought in his car just a few days ago to have a small oil leak attended to: just a seal replacement job.
And apart from that, the car was in good shape ?
Perfect condition. It was almost new: less than 32,000 kilometres on the clock. No, to my way of thinking, Mr Fourcart must have been taken ill. He knew the road well, he had a house not far from here . . .
Whereabouts did the accident happen ?
The exact place ? I'll show you on the map . . .
It's three kilometres from here, between Leignault and Marmont . . .
You'll see, the parapet is smashed and the car is still on the bed of the river, the Douillette.
Thank you very much, Mr Fleurotte.
That's OK.


A long straight bit ! . . .
Go on, put your foot down !
Look at that ! A tractor pulling out ! The idiot !
And he's passed it on his scooter . . .
Hell's teeth ! And now there are cars coming the other way !
Now overtake that tractor ! That's it ! . . . Now go ! There, that's him . . . step on it !
Nothing's in sight . . .
. . . now's our chance !
Confound it ! Slow down ! The police are controlling traffic.
Good, there's nothing else in sight. This time, get him !

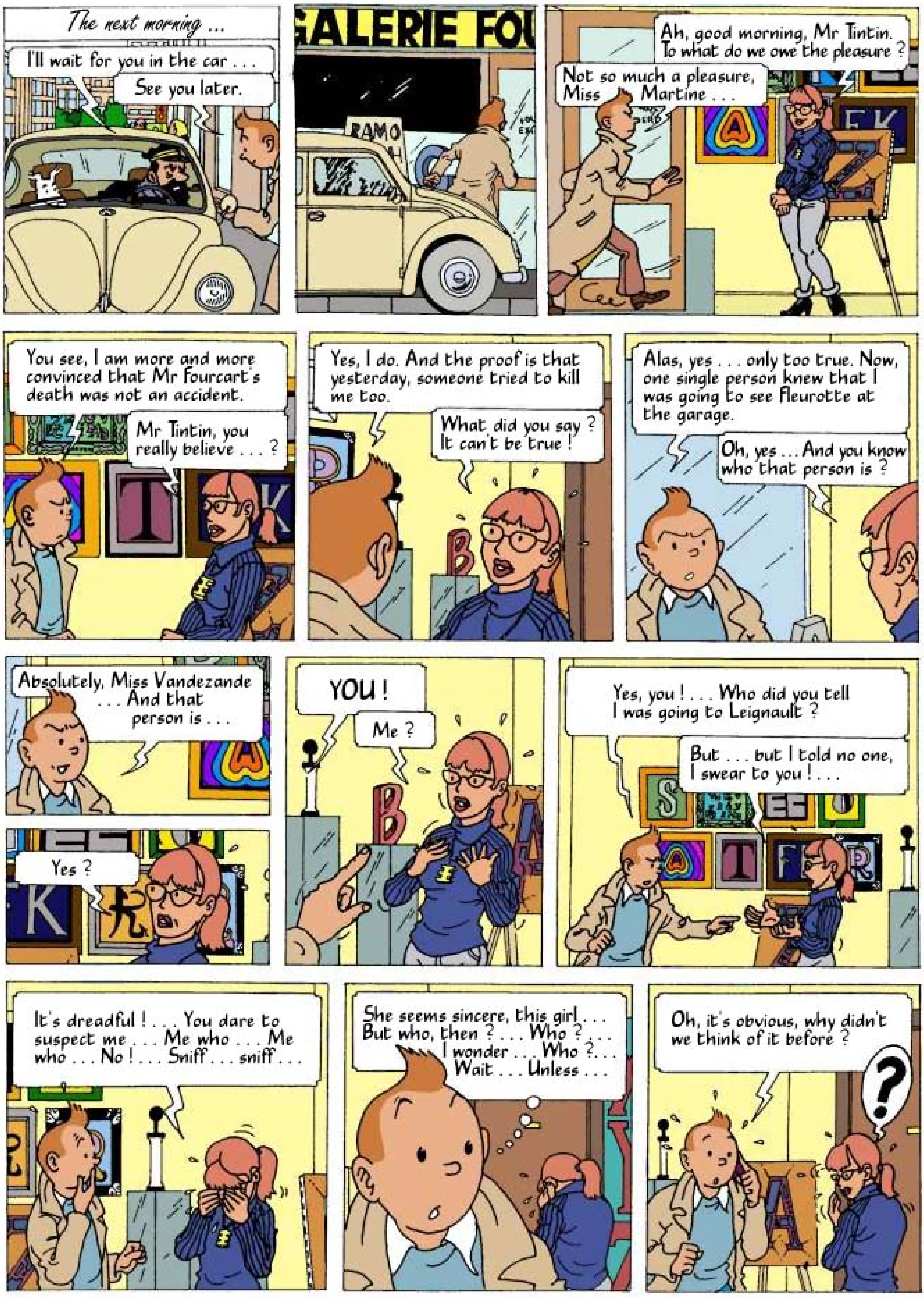


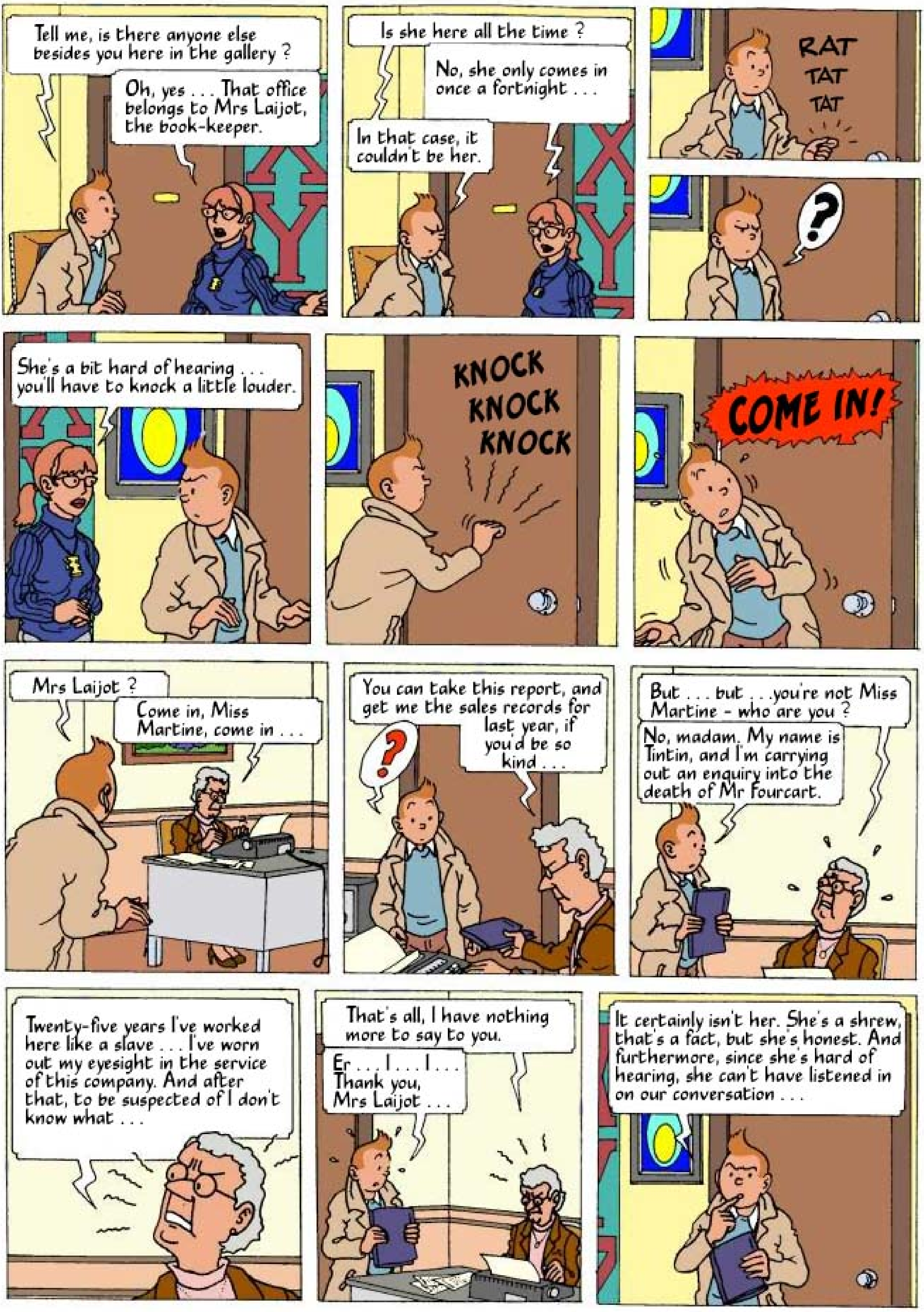
BANG
?
Blast ! . . . Blast ! . . . A flat tyre ! . . . It's incredible !
Just when I was going to hit him ! . . . What a farce !
Ah, here we are.
Marm
There's the broken parapet. This is the place.
Let's see . . .
Crumbs ! What a drop !
How odd . . . No sign of skid marks at all . . .
WOOAH ! WOOAH !
Hey, what's up ? . . .
Hello, Snowy's found something . . . Let's see . . .
WOOAH !
Skid marks . . . It looks as if a car cut in front of another to make it stop ! . . .
Sniff ! Sniff !
And there ! . . . A pool of oil !

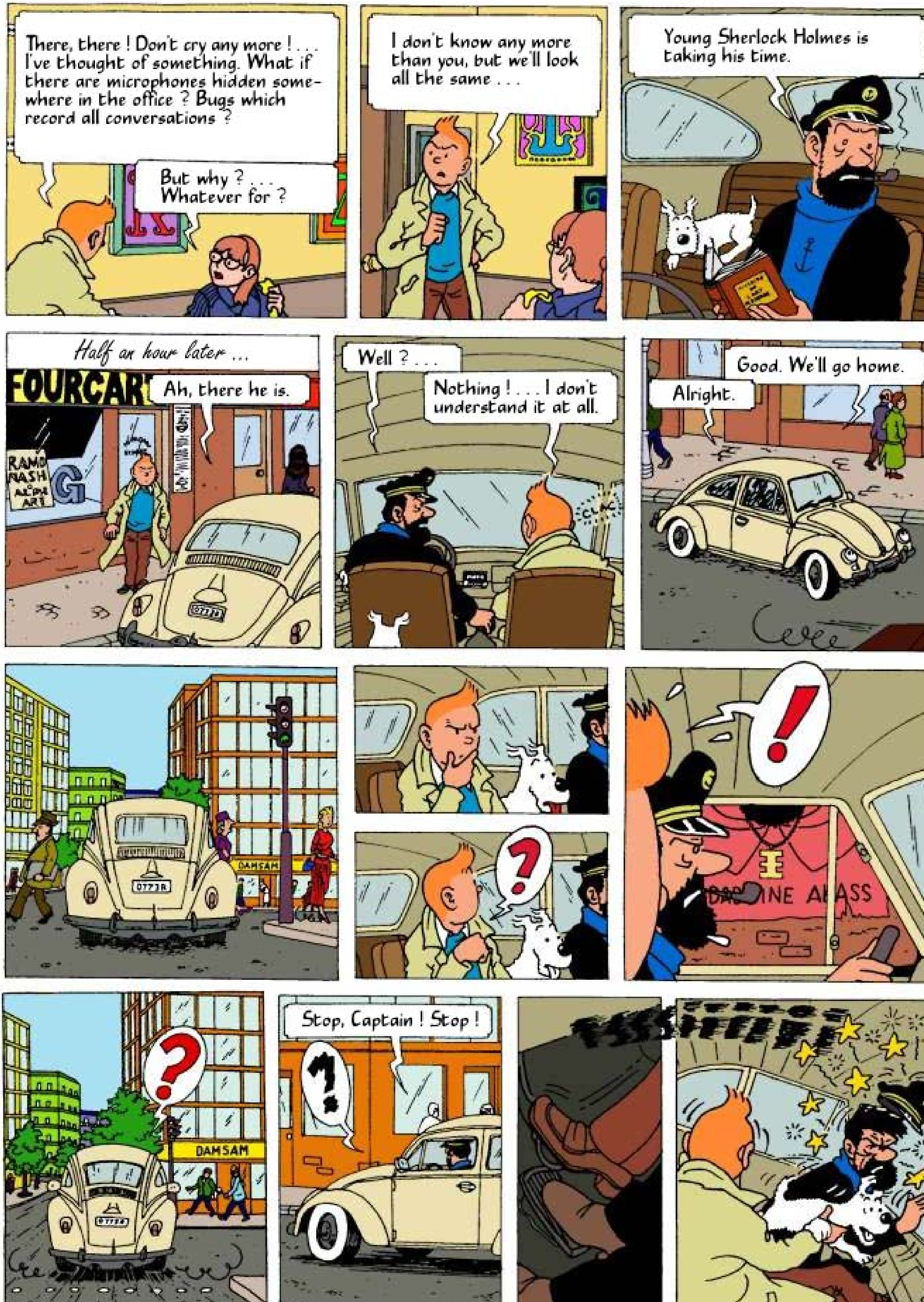

Let's see . . . the garage man talked about a small oil leak - but perhaps the car was standing for quite a long time . . . And if someone forced Fourcart to stop . . .
. . . Then it really was murder . . . And the other 'accident', to Monastir, was murder as well . . .
There he is ! . . .
This time, don't miss ! . . .
Look out !
Another car !
!
He must be crazy !
Missed !
Stop here and reverse back . . . This has taken too long already ! It needs to be finished now !
This time he won't escape . . . and too bad it won't look like an accident !
CLIC
That's dangerous ! Reversing in a place like this ! . . .
LOOK OUT!
!
?
BANG

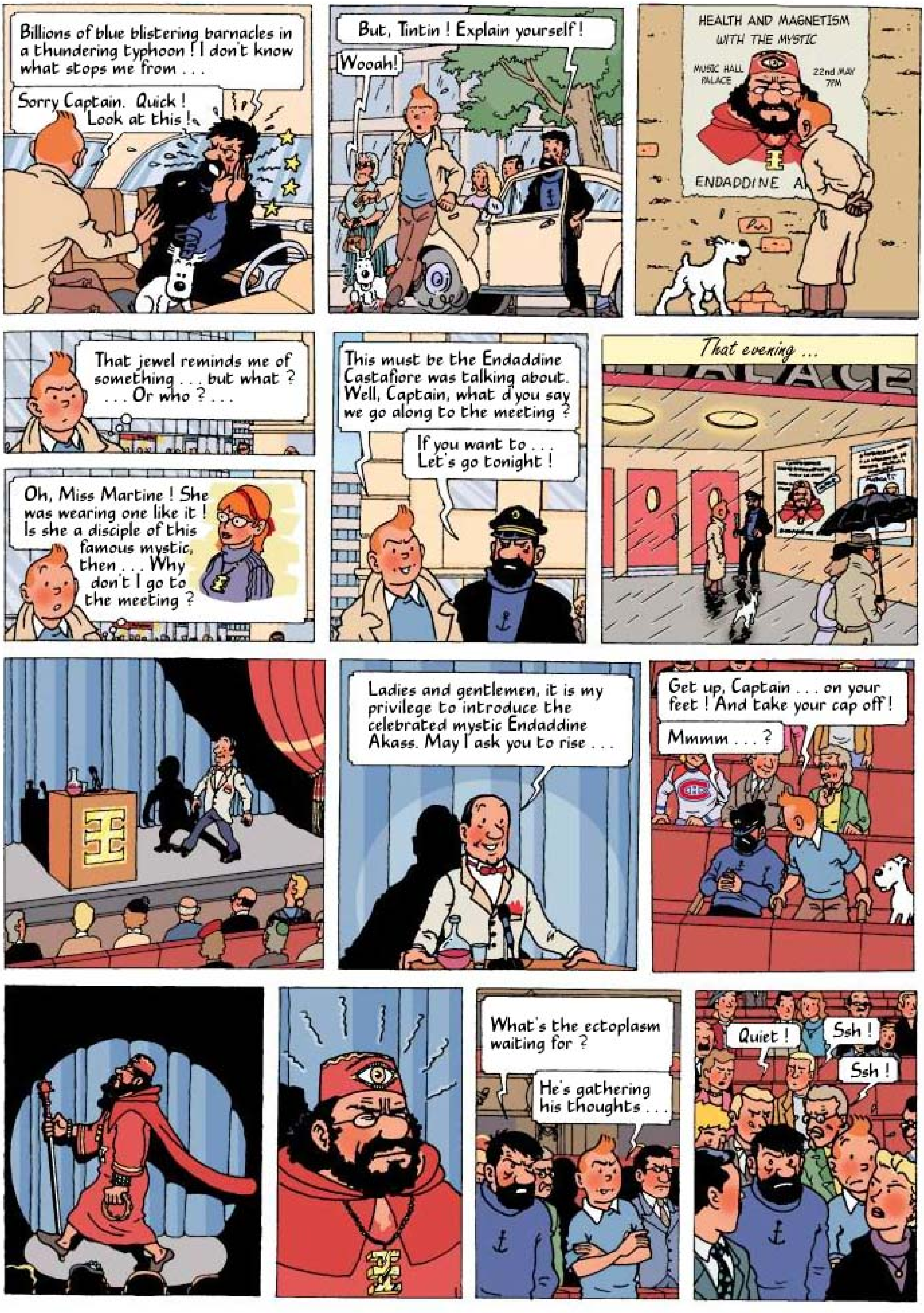

Get going ! We've botched it !
Those people must be absolutely daft !
WOOAH ! WOOAH !
I say, look at this !
Don't touch it ! . . . There'll probably be fingerprints.
I'm taking this to the police. But first of all, I'm going after them.
In the state they're in, they won't get far.
This time there's no mistake. They tried to kill me. But how did they know they'd find me here ? . . .
Only the garage-man . . . Yes, but Miss Martine . . she knew I was going to see the garage-man . . .
Stop ! There's their car !
Careful, Snowy ! We must keep our eyes open . . .
. . . They'll stop at nothing.
TACATACATAC TACAC


TACATACARRVROUM!
?
I really thought someone was shooting at us!
We looked pretty silly, you know . . .
?
Excuse me, but d'you know where the people from that Mercedes have gone ?
That's just what we'd like to know ourselves! They arrived here and stole my car whilst I was filling up! . . .
We're waiting for the police . . . Are you looking for them too ?
I'll say so! They tried to kill me!
Ah, here come the police!
Half an hour later . . .
You keep a lookout behind us, Snowy! If you see anything unusual, bark . . .
Now, off to Marlinspike. It won't be easy to explain all this to the Captain.
Honestly, Tintin! What you're telling me can't be true! . . . It's like a cheap thriller . . .
Nevertheless, it is absolute fact . . .
And one thing seems fairly obvious to me : Fourcart's assistant tipped off the gangsters. She was the only one who knew I was going to see Fleur-otte at the garage. Tomorrow I shall be paying a visit to that young lady . . .
I'll go with you, Tintin. You never know . . .


The next morning ...
I'll wait for you in the car . . .
See you later.
GALERIE FOU
Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin. To what do we owe the pleasure ?
Not so much a pleasure, Miss Martine . . .
You see, I am more and more convinced that Mr Fourcart's death was not an accident.
Mr Tintin, you really believe . . . ?
Yes, I do. And the proof is that yesterday, someone tried to kill me too.
What did you say ? It can't be true !
Alas, yes . . . only too true. Now, one single person knew that I was going to see Fleurotte at the garage.
Oh, yes . . . And you know who that person is ?
Absolutely, Miss Vandezande . . . And that person is . . .
Yes ?
YOU !
Me ?
Yes, you ! . . . Who did you tell I was going to Leignault ?
But . . . but I told no one, I swear to you ! . . .
It's dreadful ! . . . You dare to suspect me . . . Me who . . . Me who . . . No ! . . . Sniff . . . sniff . . .
She seems sincere, this girl . . . But who, then ? . . . Who ? . . . I wonder . . . Who ? . . . Wait . . . Unless . . .
Oh, it's obvious, why didn't we think of it before ?
?


Tell me, is there anyone else besides you here in the gallery ?
Oh, yes . . . That office belongs to Mrs Laijot, the book-keeper.
Is she here all the time ?
No, she only comes in once a fortnight . . .
In that case, it couldn't be her.
RAT TAT TAT
?
She's a bit hard of hearing . . . you'll have to knock a little louder.
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
COME IN!
Mrs Laijot ?
Come in, Miss Martine, come in . . .
You can take this report, and get me the sales records for last year, if you'd be so kind . . .
?
But . . . but . . .you're not Miss Martine - who are you ?
No, madam. My name is Tintin, and I'm carrying out an enquiry into the death of Mr Fourcart.
Twenty-five years I've worked here like a slave . . . I've worn out my eyesight in the service of this company. And after that, to be suspected of I don't know what . . .
That's all, I have nothing more to say to you.
Er . . . I . . . I . . . Thank you, Mrs Laijot . . .
It certainly isn't her. She's a shrew, that's a fact, but she's honest. And furthermore, since she's hard of hearing, she can't have listened in on our conversation . . .


There, there ! Don't cry any more ! . . . I've thought of something. What if there are microphones hidden somewhere in the office ? Bugs which record all conversations ?
But why ? . . . Whatever for ?
I don't know any more than you, but we'll look all the same . . .
Young Sherlock Holmes is taking his time.
Half an hour later . . .
FOURCART
Ah, there he is.
Well ? . . .
Nothing ! . . . I don't understand it at all.
CLAC
Good. We'll go home.
Alright.
DAMSAM
?
!
?
DAMSAM
Stop, Captain ! Stop !



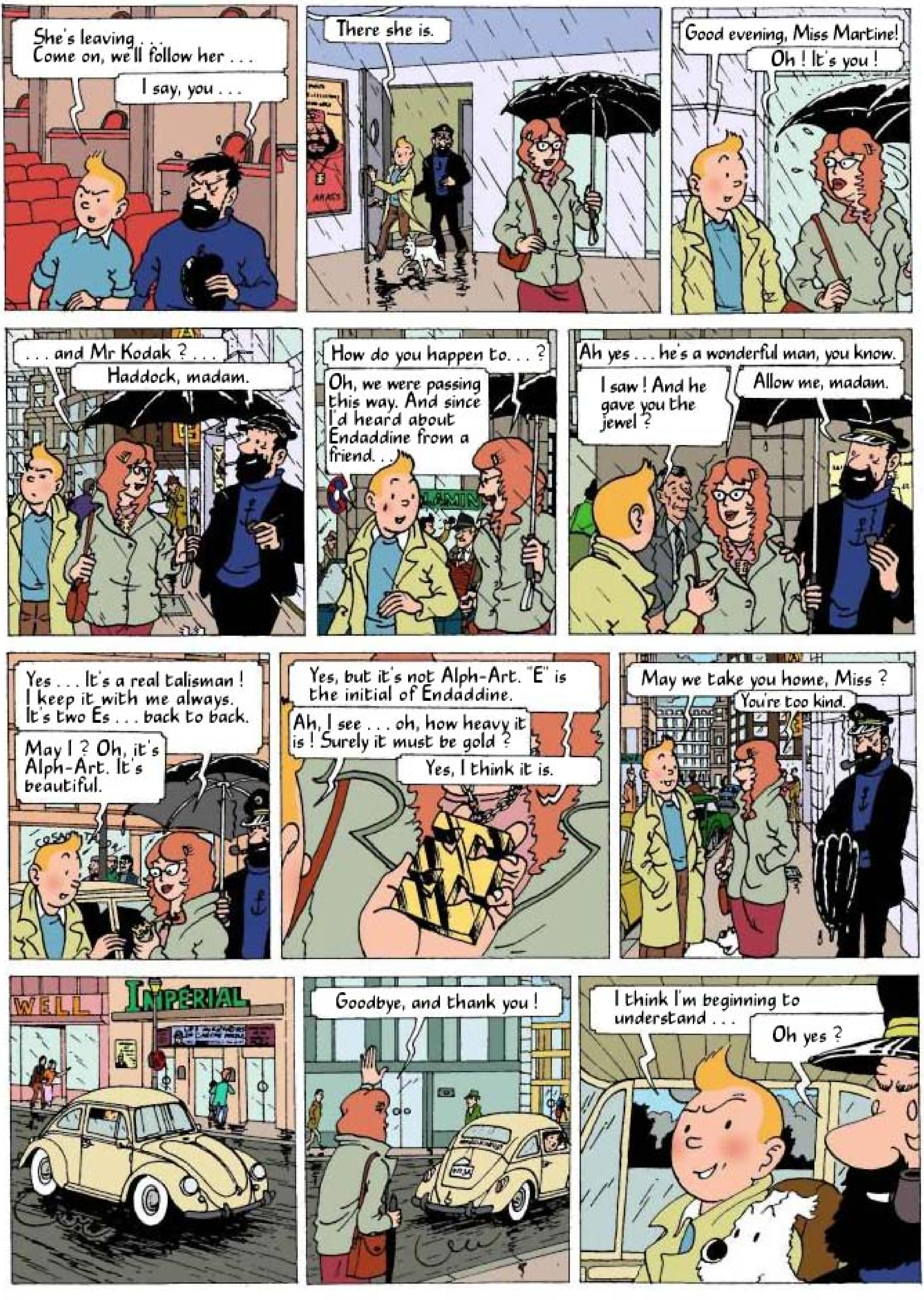
Billions of blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon ! I don't know what stops me from . . .
Sorry Captain. Quick ! Look at this !
But, Tintin ! Explain yourself !
Wooah!
HEALTH AND MAGNETISM
WITH THE MYSTIC
MUSIC HALL PALACE
22nd MAY 7PM
ENDADDINE A
That jewel reminds me of something . . . but what ? . . . Or who ? . . .
Oh, Miss Martine ! She was wearing one like it ! Is she a disciple of this famous mystic, then . . . Why don't I go to the meeting ?
This must be the Endaddine Castafiore was talking about. Well, Captain, what d'you say we go along to the meeting ?
If you want to . . . Let's go tonight !
That evening . . .
PALACE
Ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce the celebrated mystic Endaddine Akass. May I ask you to rise . . .
Get up, Captain . . . on your feet ! And take your cap off !
Mmmm . . . ?
What's the ectoplasm waiting for ?
He's gathering his thoughts . . .
Quiet !
Ssh !
Ssh !



(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn

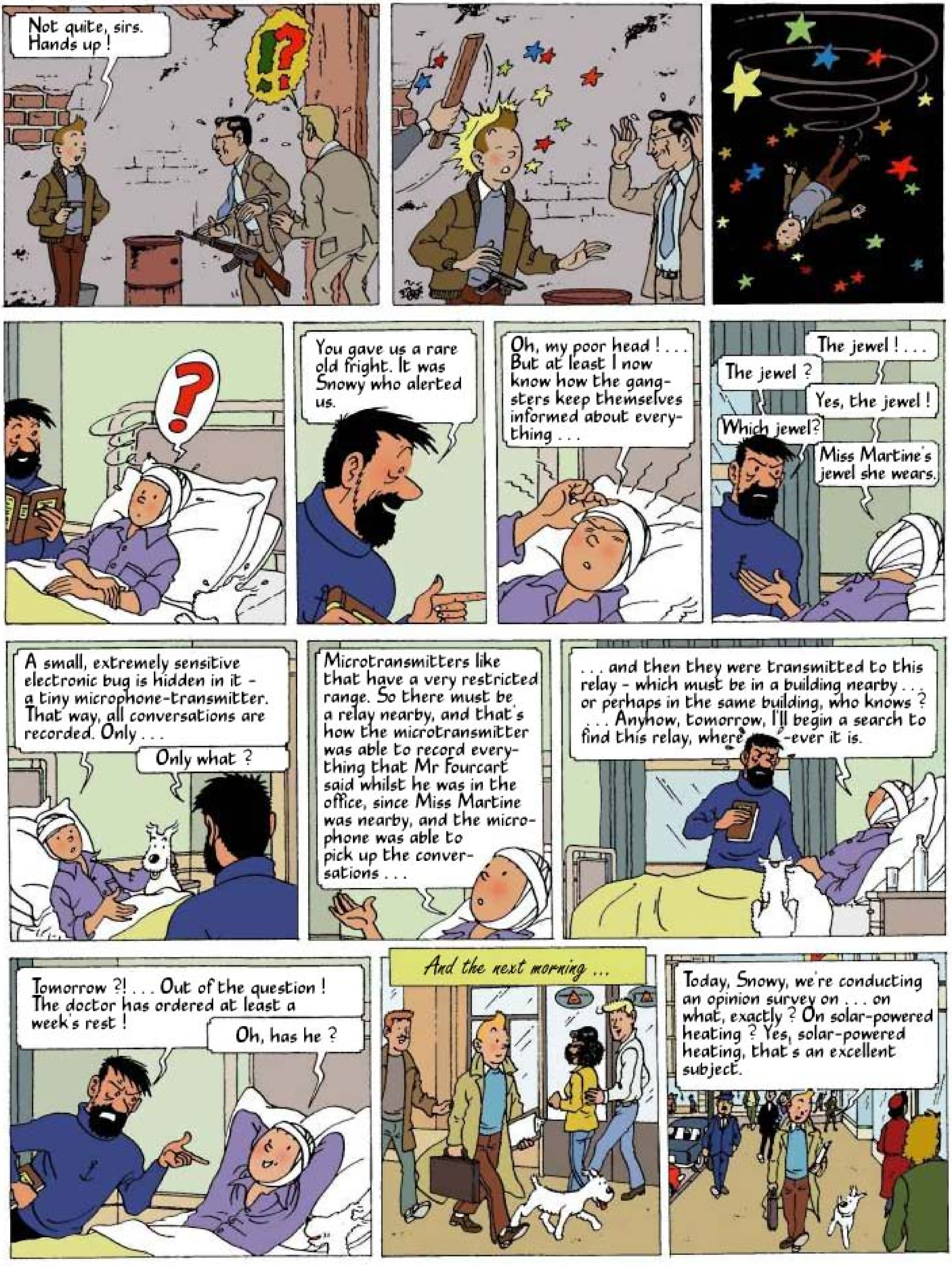


(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls

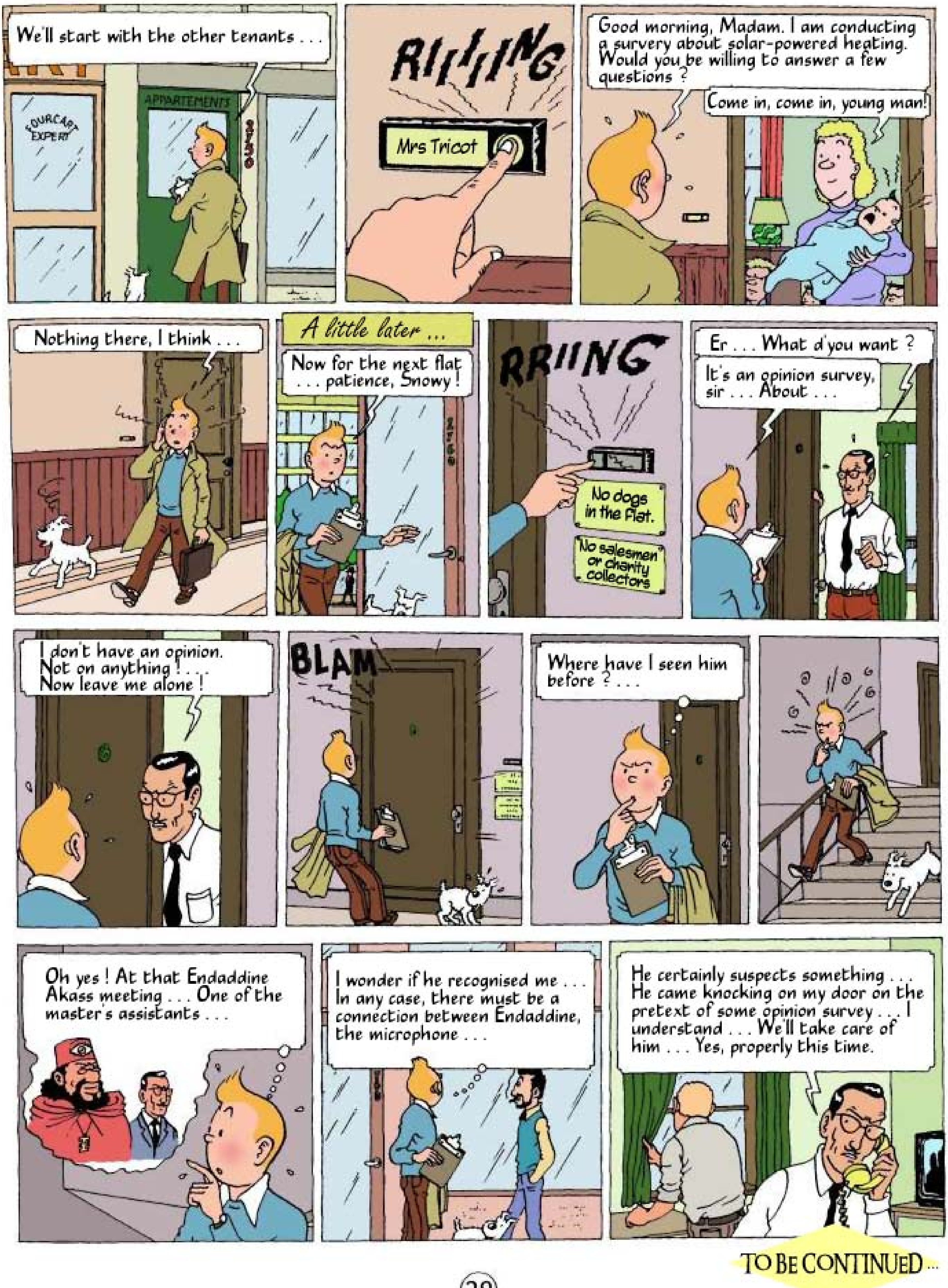

She's leaving . . .
Come on, we'll follow her . . .
I say, you . . .
There she is.
Good evening, Miss Martine!
Oh ! It's you !
. . . and Mr Kodak ? . . .
Haddock, madam.
How do you happen to. . . ?
Oh, we were passing this way. And since I'd heard about Endaddine from a friend. . .
Ah yes . . . he's a wonderful man, you know.
I saw ! And he gave you the jewel ?
Allow me, madam.
Yes . . . It's a real talisman ! I keep it with me always. It's two Es . . . back to back.
May I ? Oh, it's Alph-Art. It's beautiful.
Yes, but it's not Alph-Art. "E" is the initial of Endaddine.
Ah, I see . . . oh, how heavy it is ! Surely it must be gold ?
Yes, I think it is.
May we take you home, Miss ?
You're too kind.
IMPERIAL
Goodbye, and thank you !
I think I'm beginning to understand . . .
Oh yes ?



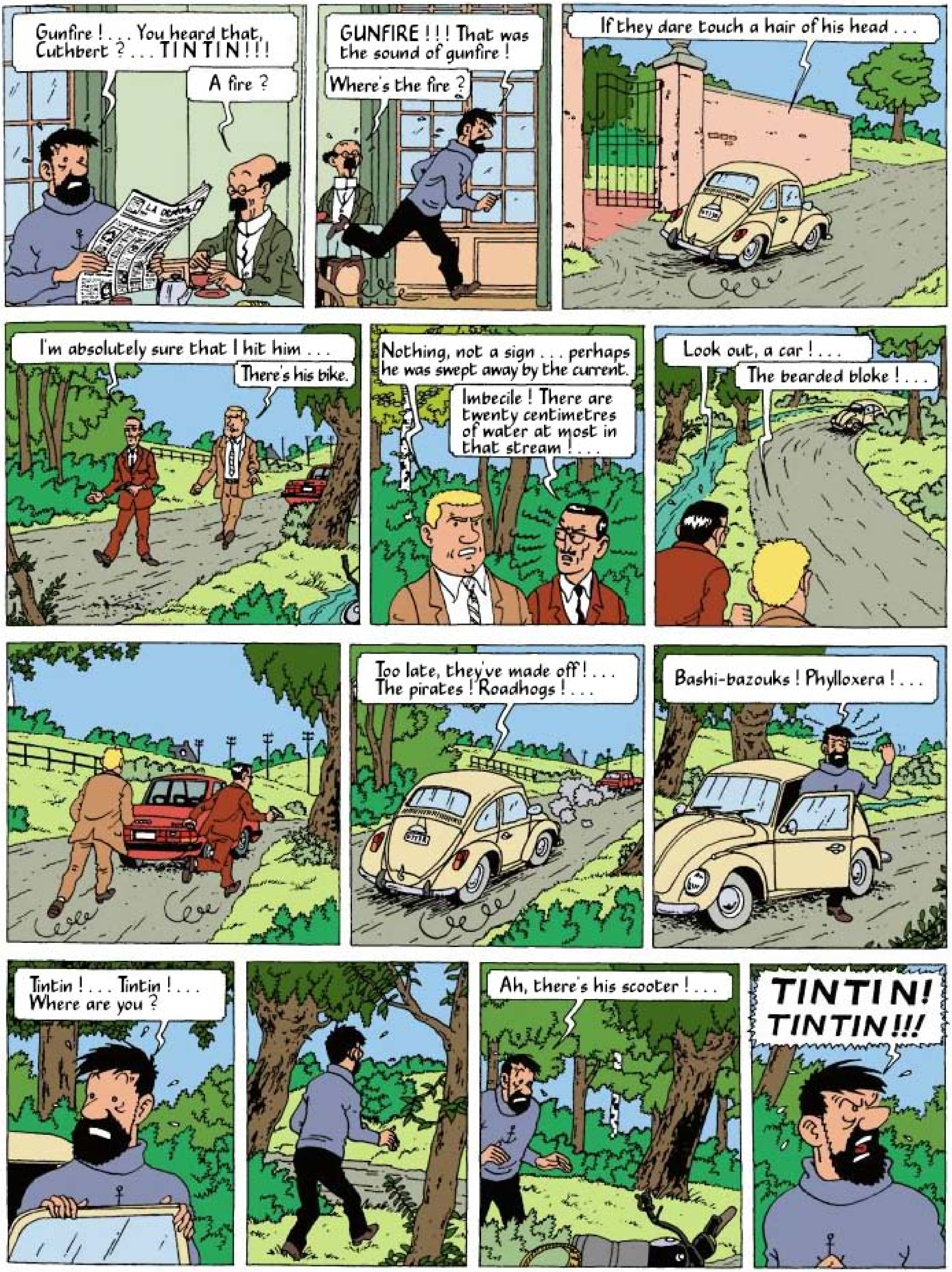
By tomorrow evening I shall probably have it all sewn up . . .
Oh ? . . .
The next morning . . .
Good morning, Miss Martine . . . It's me again . . .
Oh, but I'm always very glad to see you . . .
I want to tell you that by this evening the criminal will be unmasked. I have a rendez-vous with an informer at eight o'clock at the old Fréaux factory, near Marlinspike . . . You know, the one they're knocking down . . . I shall be carrying a red lamp, and . . .
Goodness ! Be careful ! . . .
That evening . . .
Snowy, wait here.
Good ! Now, I must be on my guard . . .
CLANG
It's me . . . Where are you ? Light your lamp, as we agreed !
That'll do.
You light yours, too.
Yes . . .
. . . I'm here.
TACATA CATAK
Quick ! He's had it ! Let get out !

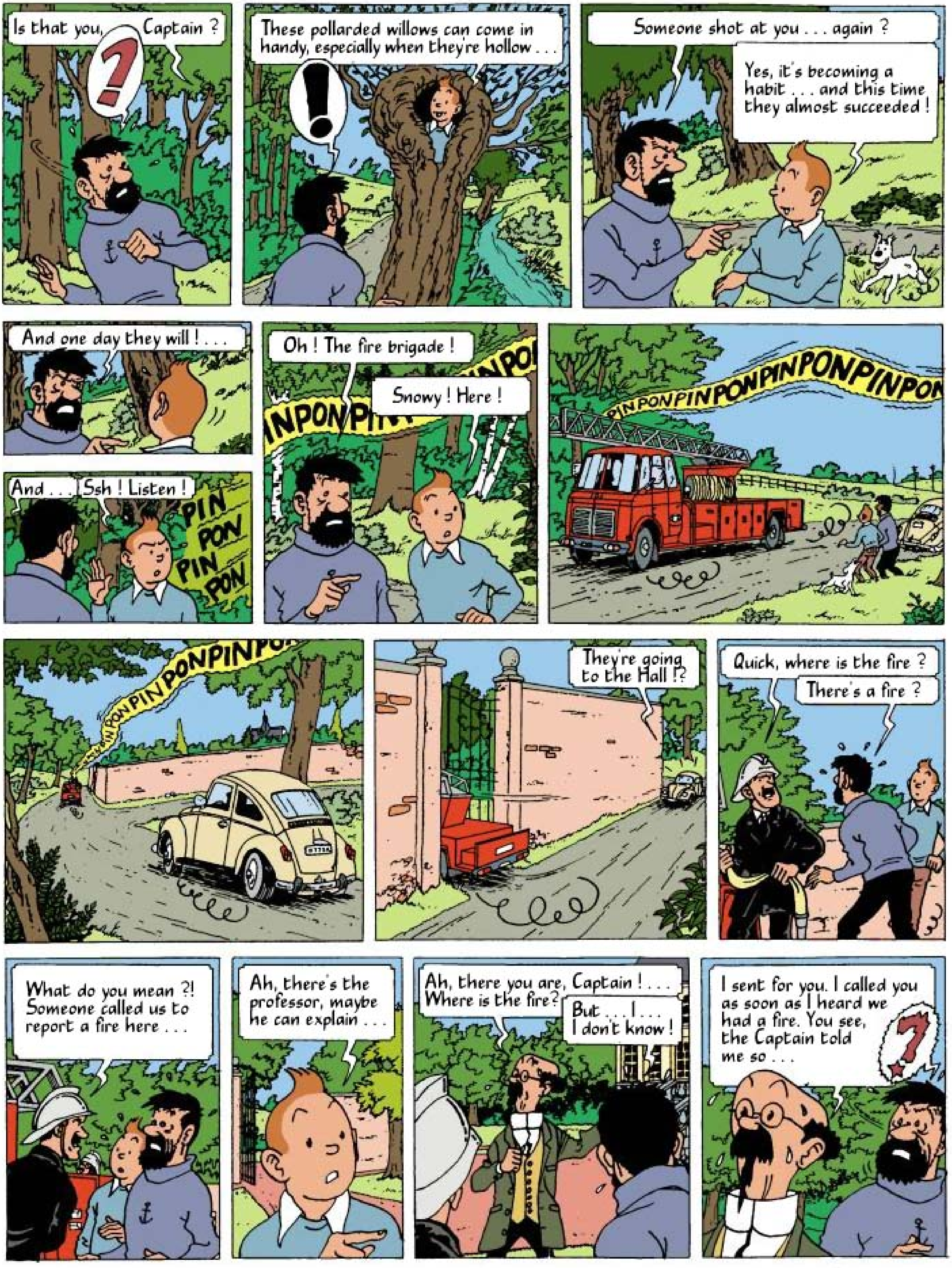


Not quite, sirs. Hands up!
!?
?
You gave us a rare old fright. It was Snowy who alerted us.
Oh, my poor head! . . . But at least I now know how the gangsters keep themselves informed about everything . . .
The jewel?
The jewel! . . .
Yes, the jewel!
Which jewel?
Miss Martine's jewel she wears.
A small, extremely sensitive electronic bug is hidden in it - a tiny microphone-transmitter. That way, all conversations are recorded. Only . . .
Only what?
Microtransmitters like that have a very restricted range. So there must be a relay nearby, and that's how the microtransmitter was able to record everything that Mr Fourcart said whilst he was in the office, since Miss Martine was nearby, and the microphone was able to pick up the conversations . . .
. . . and then they were transmitted to this relay - which must be in a building nearby . . . or perhaps in the same building, who knows? . . . Anyhow, tomorrow, I'll begin a search to find this relay, wherever it is.
Tomorrow?! . . . Out of the question! The doctor has ordered at least a week's rest!
Oh, has he?
And the next morning . . .
Today, Snowy, we're conducting an opinion survey on . . . on what, exactly? On solar-powered heating? Yes, solar-powered heating, that's an excellent subject.

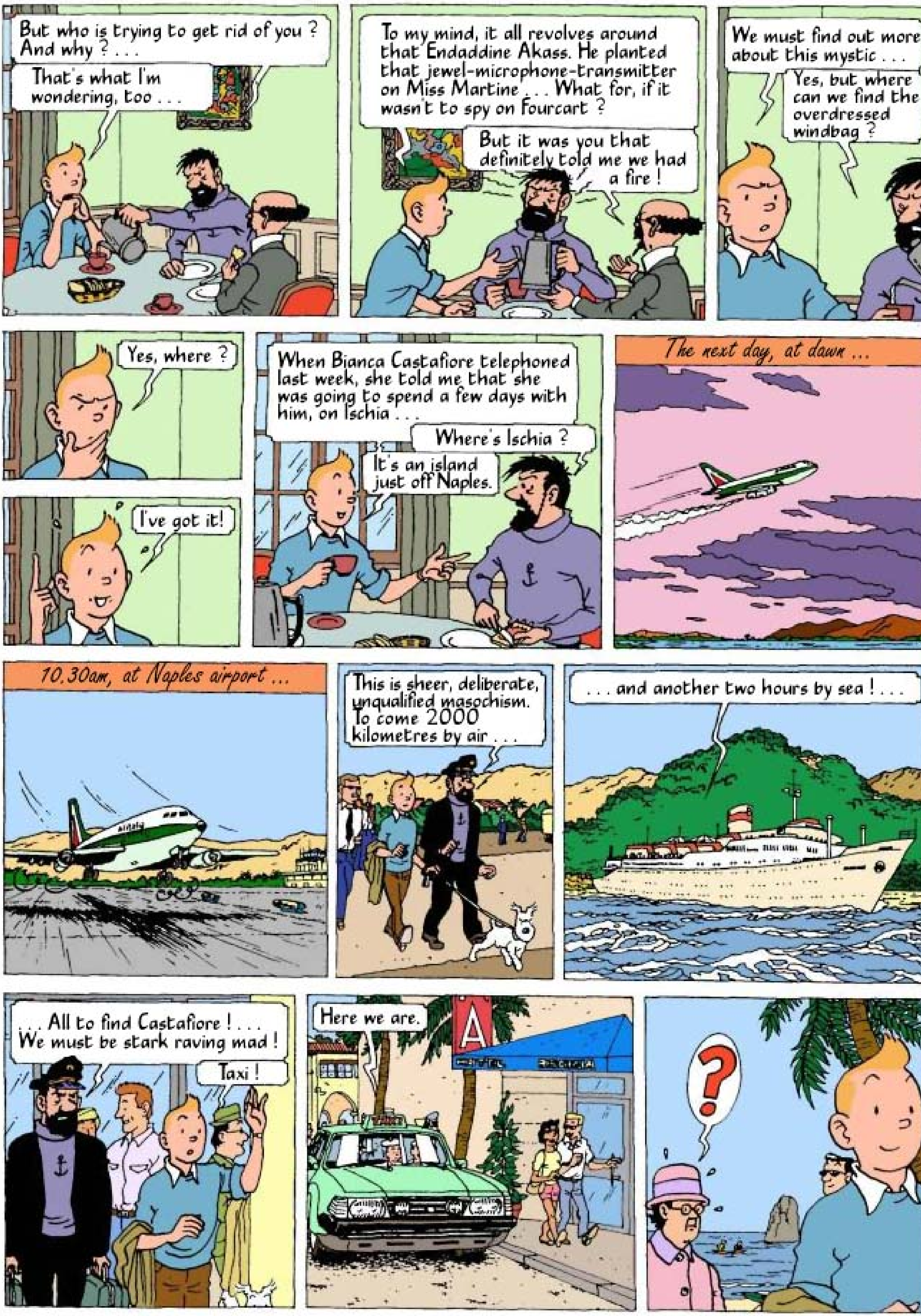

We'll start with the other tenants . . .
FOURCART EXPERT
APPARTEMENTS
RIIIIING
Mrs Tricot
Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survery about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions ?
Come in, come in, young man!
Nothing there, I think . . .
A little later . . .
Now for the next flat . . . patience, Snowy !
RRIING
No dogs in the flat.
"No salesmen" or charity collectors
Er . . . What d'you want ?
It's an opinion survey, sir . . . About . . .
I don't have an opinion. Not on anything ! . . . Now leave me alone !
BLAM
Where have I seen him before ? . . .
Oh yes ! At that Endaddine Akass meeting . . . One of the master's assistants . . .
I wonder if he recognised me . . . In any case, there must be a connection between Endaddine, the microphone . . .
He certainly suspects something . . . He came knocking on my door on the pretext of some opinion survey . . . I understand . . . We'll take care of him . . . Yes, properly this time.
TO BE CONTINUED . . .


The next morning ...
Take care ! . . . You never know, with these sort of people . . .
Don't worry, I'm only going into the village.
There he is ! Let's go !
GRRRRR WOOAH !
!
They're going to catch me !
This time, I'll finish the job ! . . .
My poor Tintin, this could well be the end ! . . .
BANG BANG
SKRRRRIII
CRASH !


Gunfire ! . . . You heard that, Cuthbert ? . . . TINTIN ! ! !
A fire ?
GUNFIRE ! ! ! That was the sound of gunfire !
Where's the fire ?
If they dare touch a hair of his head . . .
I'm absolutely sure that I hit him . . .
There's his bike.
Nothing, not a sign . . . perhaps he was swept away by the current.
Imbecile ! There are twenty centimetres of water at most in that stream ! . . .
Look out, a car ! . . .
The bearded bloke ! . . .
Too late, they've made off ! . . . The pirates ! Roadhogs ! . . .
Bashi-bazouks ! Phylloxera ! . . .
Tintin ! . . . Tintin ! . . . Where are you ?
Ah, there's his scooter ! . . .
TINTIN! TINTIN!!!



Is that you, Captain ?
These pollarded willows can come in handy, especially when they're hollow . . .
Someone shot at you . . . again ?
Yes, it's becoming a habit . . . and this time they almost succeeded !
And one day they will ! . . .
And . . .
Ssh ! Listen !
PIN PON PIN PON
Oh ! The fire brigade !
Snowy ! Here !
PINPONPINPONPINPON
They're going to the Hall !?
Quick, where is the fire ?
There's a fire ?
What do you mean ?! Someone called us to report a fire here . . .
Ah, there's the professor, maybe he can explain . . .
Ah, there you are, Captain ! . . . Where is the fire?
But . . . I . . . I don't know !
I sent for you. I called you as soon as I heard we had a fire. You see, the Captain told me so . . .

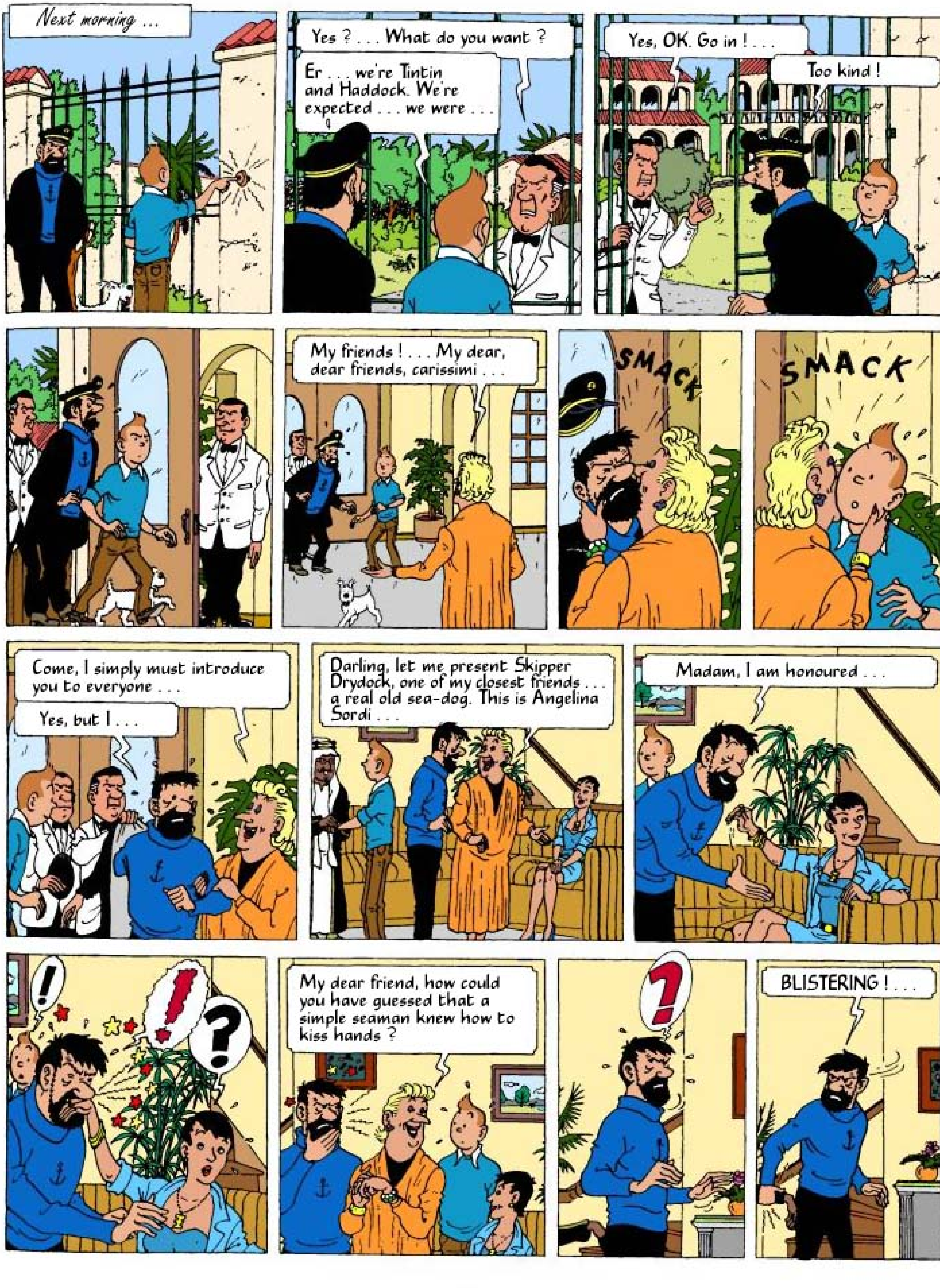

But who is trying to get rid of you ? And why ? . . .
That's what I'm wondering, too . . .
To my mind, it all revolves around that Endaddine Akass. He planted that jewel-microphone-transmitter on Miss Martine . . . What for, if it wasn't to spy on Fourcart ?
But it was you that definitely told me we had a fire !
We must find out more about this mystic . . .
Yes, but where can we find the overdressed windbag ?
Yes, where ?
I've got it!
When Bianca Castafiore telephoned last week, she told me that she was going to spend a few days with him, on Ischia . . .
Where's Ischia ?
It's an island just off Naples.
The next day, at dawn ...
10.30am, at Naples airport ...
This is sheer, deliberate, unqualified masochism. To come 2000 kilometres by air . . .
. . . and another two hours by sea ! . . .
. . . All to find Castafiore ! . . . We must be stark raving mad !
Taxi !
Here we are.
?



Tintin and Haddock. We made a reservation.
Indeed . . . Welcome to Ischia, Signore !
Please . . . we need a little information . . . Can you tell us where to find the villa belonging to Mr Endaddine Akass ?
Easy, Signore.
You go out of the hotel, down to the beach. On your right, you'll see a huge cliff going down to the sea. On the top of that is the villa.
Thank you. So, Captain, what d'you say to putting our luggage in our rooms and going for a walk?
If you want . . .
A little later . . .
There - that must be it !
Hmm, I can't see anything . . .
Handy to take a dip from . . .
We'll have to climb higher . . .
Ah, we've got a good view here.
Snowy, don't move.
Thundering . . .
?


Ramo Nash!
Ramo Nash?
Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought . . .
Oh yes . . .
We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling . . . in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.
Yes, but how ? We can't just break in like common thieves !
Back at the hotel ...
Right, here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while, and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight, to compare ideas . . . and then we'll decide upon a course of action ! Agreed ?
I hear you.
Goodnight, lad.
'Night, Captain, until later . . .
What a marvellous view !
RRIIIIING
The Captain, I expect. Has he thought up a plan already ? . . .
Hello . . . Yes . . . Yes, it is . . .
Listen carefully . . . There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it . . . The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.
But . . .
CLICK!
Crumbs ! . . .
That voice ! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure.
I'd better discuss this with the Captain . . .
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
No answer . . . and no noise from inside either ! Has something happened?


The door's not locked ! I don't like this one bit.
222
?
Captain ! ! ! . . . Captain ! ! ! . . . In Heaven's name, say something ! . . .
What ? Can't I sleep now ?
Phew ! That's all !
No, you can't sleep now. I've got some news. I've just received an anoymous telephone call. Someone stongly advises us to leave here, and fast . . .
But who knows we're here ?
I've no idea, but news can travel very quickly on an island.
The one thing we must avoid at all costs is for Castafiore to find out that we're here ! . . .
!
RRRRIIING
Hello. . . Yes . . . Who ?
It's HER ! . . . CASTAFIORE !
My dear friend . . . but how did you know that we were here . . . ?
You old slyboots ! Irma recognised you ! She was taking a walk . . . You absolutely have to come here, Captain Karlock . . . The Master is ado-o-o-rable. .
I . . . I'm sure . . . But . . . No, it's impossible, we have to . . . Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . I promise . . .
We have been officially invited, tomorrow afternoon, to see the Master, Endaddine Akass . . .
That alters everything !

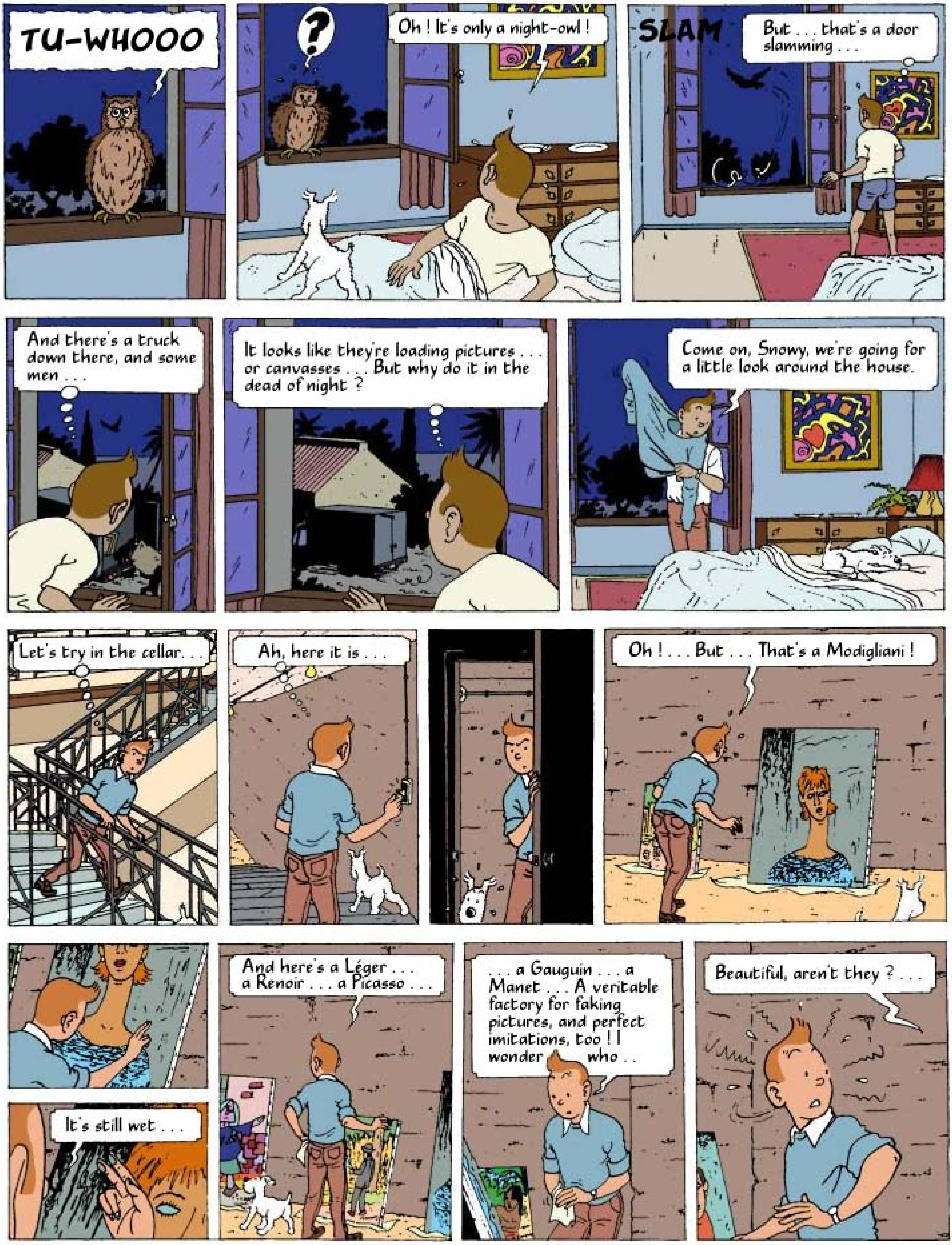

Next morning ...
Yes ? . . . What do you want ?
Er . . . we're Tintin and Haddock. We're expected . . . we were . . .
Yes, OK. Go in ! . . .
Too kind !
My friends ! . . . My dear, dear friends, carissimi . . .
SMACK
SMACK
Come, I simply must introduce you to everyone . . .
Yes, but I . . .
Darling, let me present Skipper Drydock, one of my closest friends . . . a real old sea-dog. This is Angelina Sordi . . .
Madam, I am honoured . . .
My dear friend, how could you have guessed that a simple seaman knew how to kiss hands ?
BLISTERING ! . . .

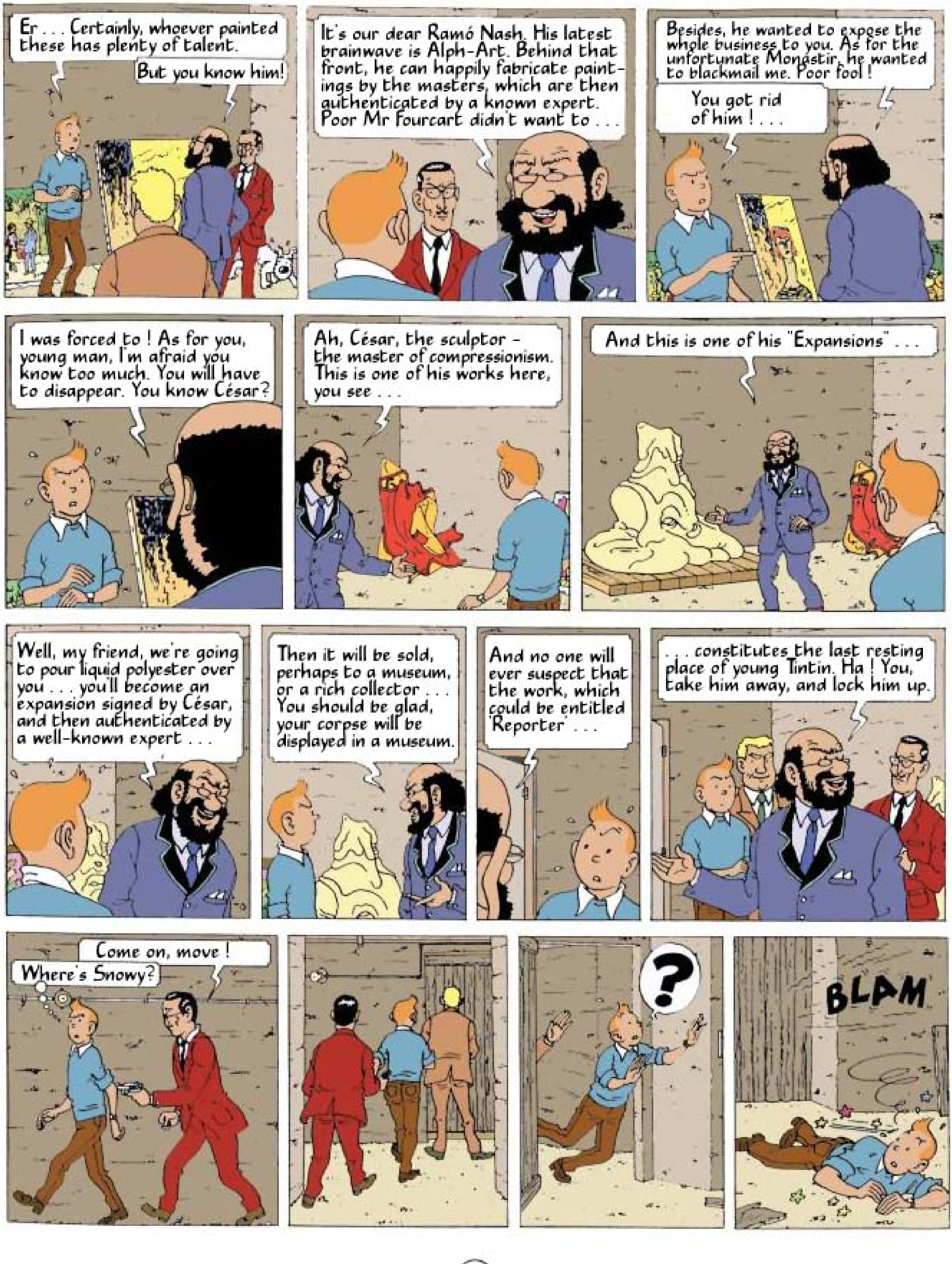


(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear

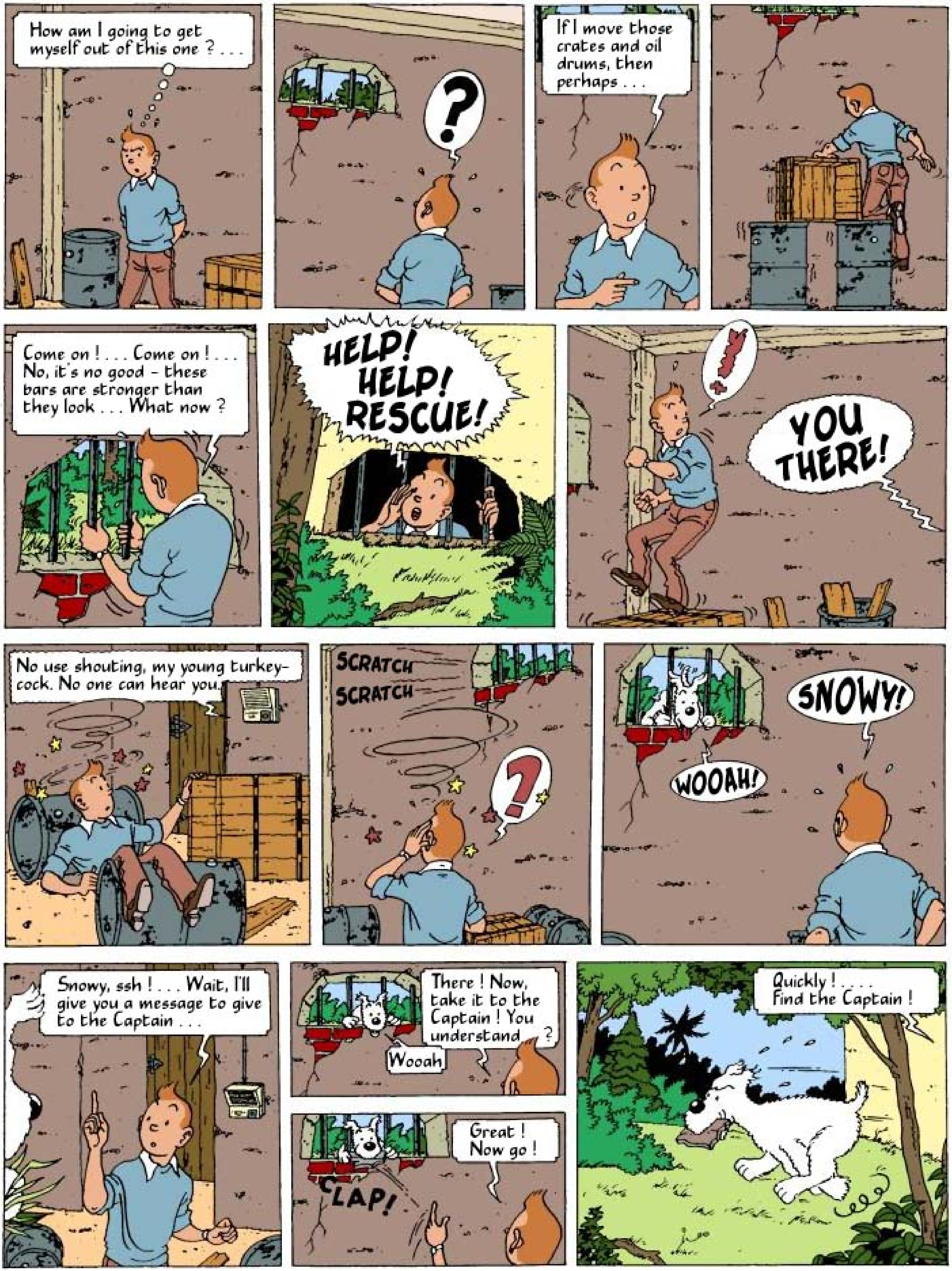


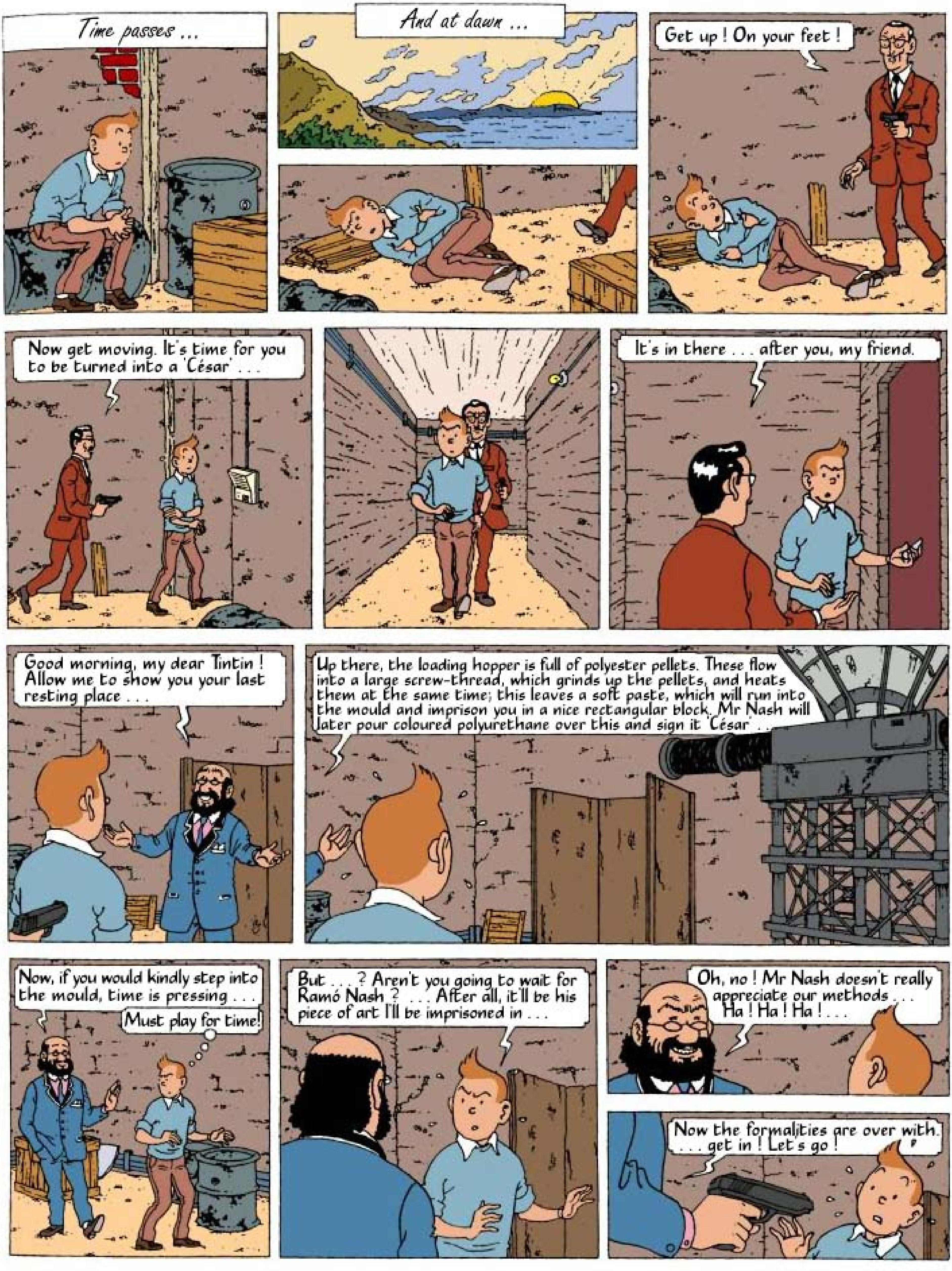
Come, you absolutely must see my latest piece . . .
You coming ?
Sure ! . . .
There !
Inspired ! . . . Magnificent !
Later ...
Well, I think we'd better head back, it's getting late . . .
But caro mio !
. . . It is out of the question ! You can stay the night here, and tomorrow morning you can return to your hotel, and to whatever travel arrangements you have.
But . . .
No need to thank me ! Off you go ! Salvatore, take these gentlemen to their rooms.
Si, signora.
Ciao !
Your room, signor . . .
And your's, Signor, er . . . Pescatore.
Thanks.
BLAM
Ah, peace. A good pipe and a nap . . . now where's my pipe ? . . . Not here ?
Unless . . . perhaps I left it downstairs ?
No, not here either. Yes, I must have left it downstairs . . .
What's this ? . . . Ah, it's the chewing gum Abdullah gave me . . . Well, he's an honest lad . . .
I haven't tasted this for years.
YEURGH !
Cough . . . cough . . . it was pepper . . . confounded Abdullah !
Night has fallen ...


TU-WHOOO
?
Oh ! It's only a night-owl !
SLAM
But . . . that's a door slamming . . .
And there's a truck down there, and some men . . .
It looks like they're loading pictures . . . or canvasses . . . But why do it in the dead of night ?
Come on, Snowy, we're going for a little look around the house.
Let's try in the cellar. . .
Ah, here it is . . .
Oh ! . . . But . . . That's a Modigliani !
It's still wet . . .
And here's a Léger . . . a Renoir . . . a Picasso . . .
. . . a Gauguin . . . a Manet . . . A veritable factory for faking pictures, and perfect imitations, too ! I wonder who . .
Beautiful, aren't they ? . . .

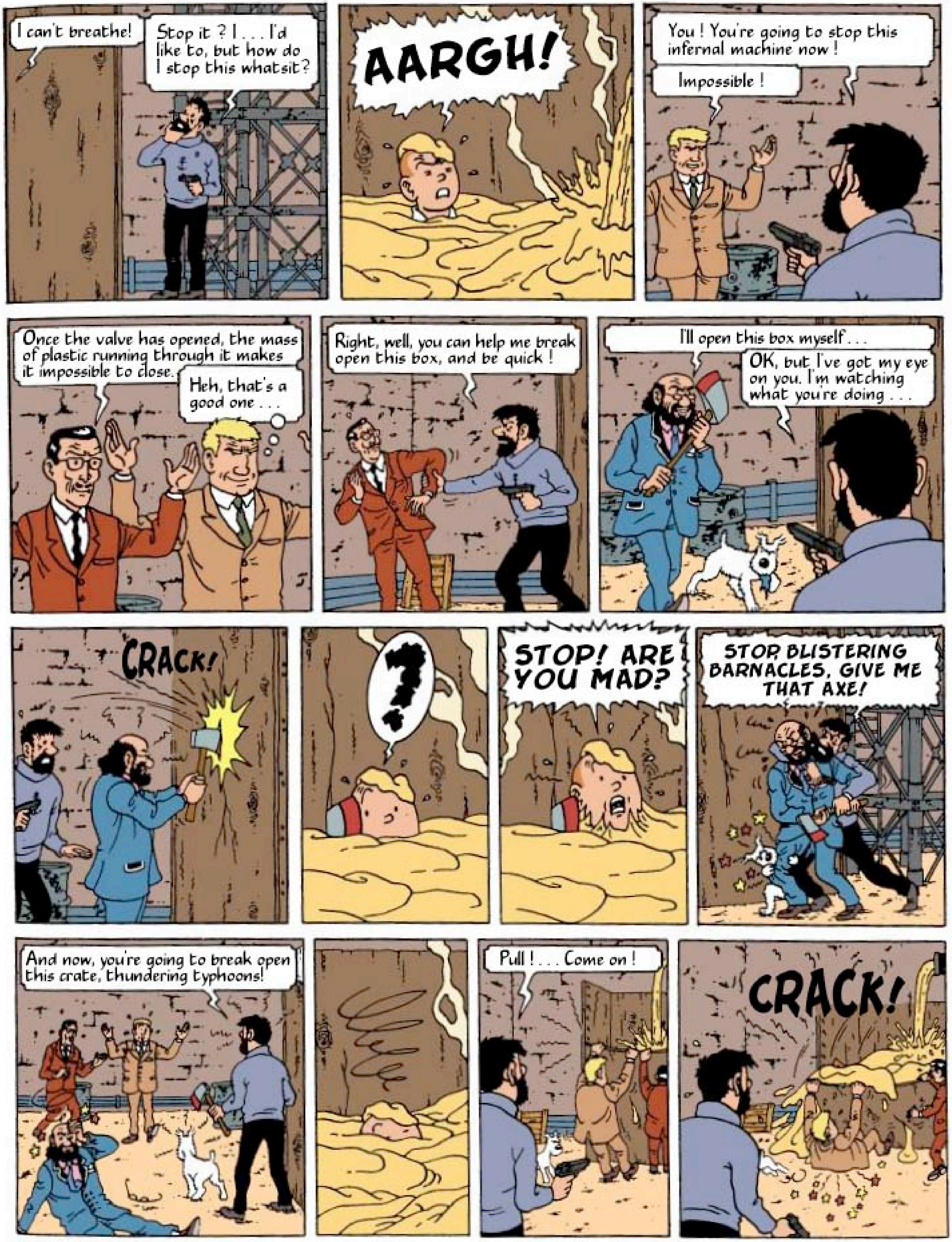


Er . . . Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.
But you know him!
It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to . . .
Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monastir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!
You got rid of him! . . .
I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?
Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see . . .
And this is one of his "Expansions" . . .
Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you . . . you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert . . .
Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector . . . You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.
And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled 'Reporter' . . .
. . . constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.
Come on, move!
Where's Snowy?
?
BLAM

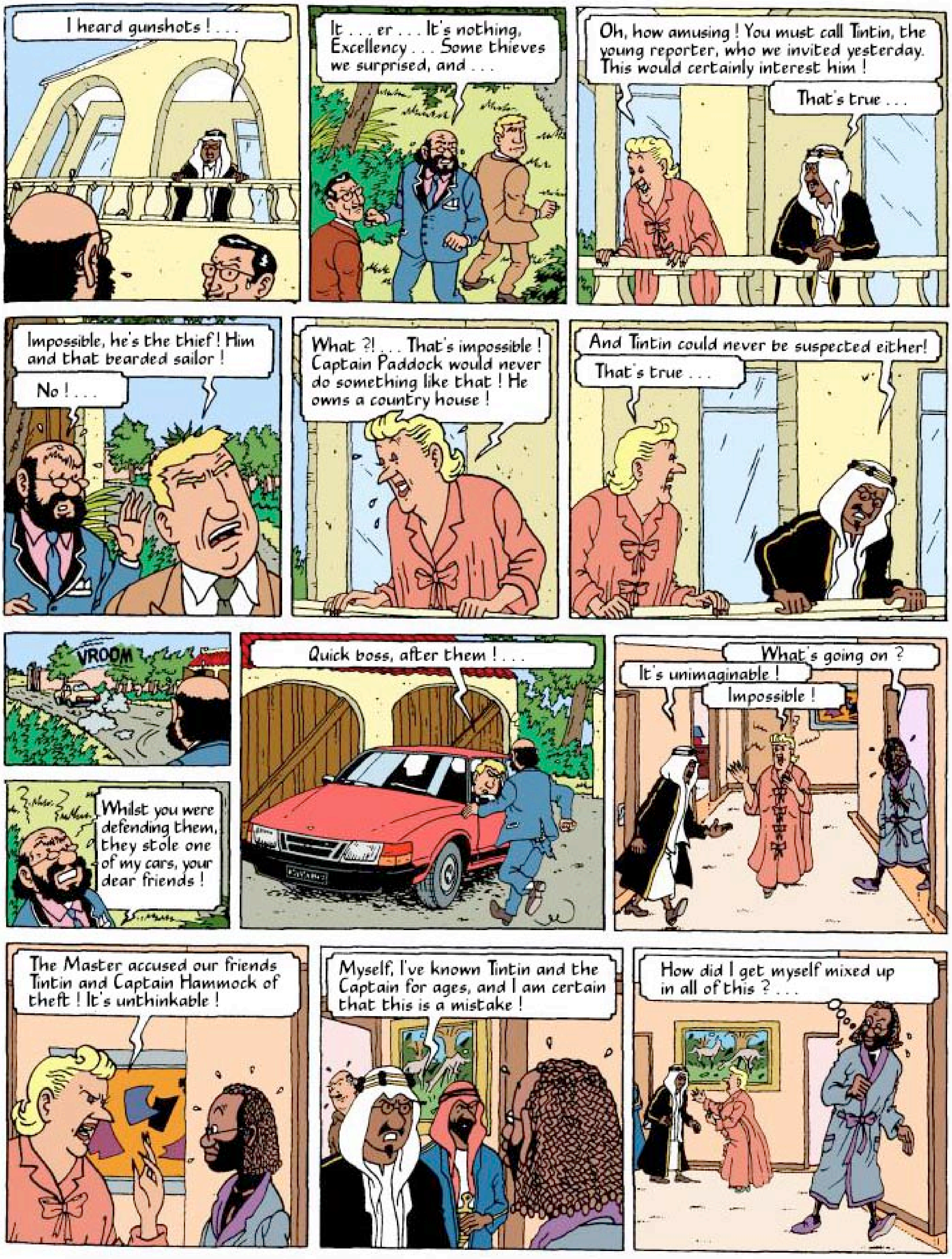

How am I going to get myself out of this one ? . . .
?
If I move those crates and oil drums, then perhaps . . .
Come on ! . . . Come on ! . . . No, it's no good - these bars are stronger than they look . . . What now ?
HELP! HELP! RESCUE!
YOU THERE!
No use shouting, my young turkey-cock. No one can hear you.
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
?
SNOWY!
WOOAH!
Snowy, ssh ! . . . Wait, I'll give you a message to give to the Captain . . .
Wooah
There ! Now, take it to the Captain ! You understand ?
Great ! Now go !
CLAP!
Quickly ! . . . Find the Captain !


Time passes ...
And at dawn ...
Get up ! On your feet !
Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' . . .
It's in there . . . after you, my friend.
Good morning, my dear Tintin ! Allow me to show you your last resting place . . .
Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César' . . .
Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing . . .
Must play for time!
But . . . ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramó Nash ? . . . After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in . . .
Oh, no ! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods . . . Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! . . .
Now the formalities are over with. . . . get in ! Let's go !

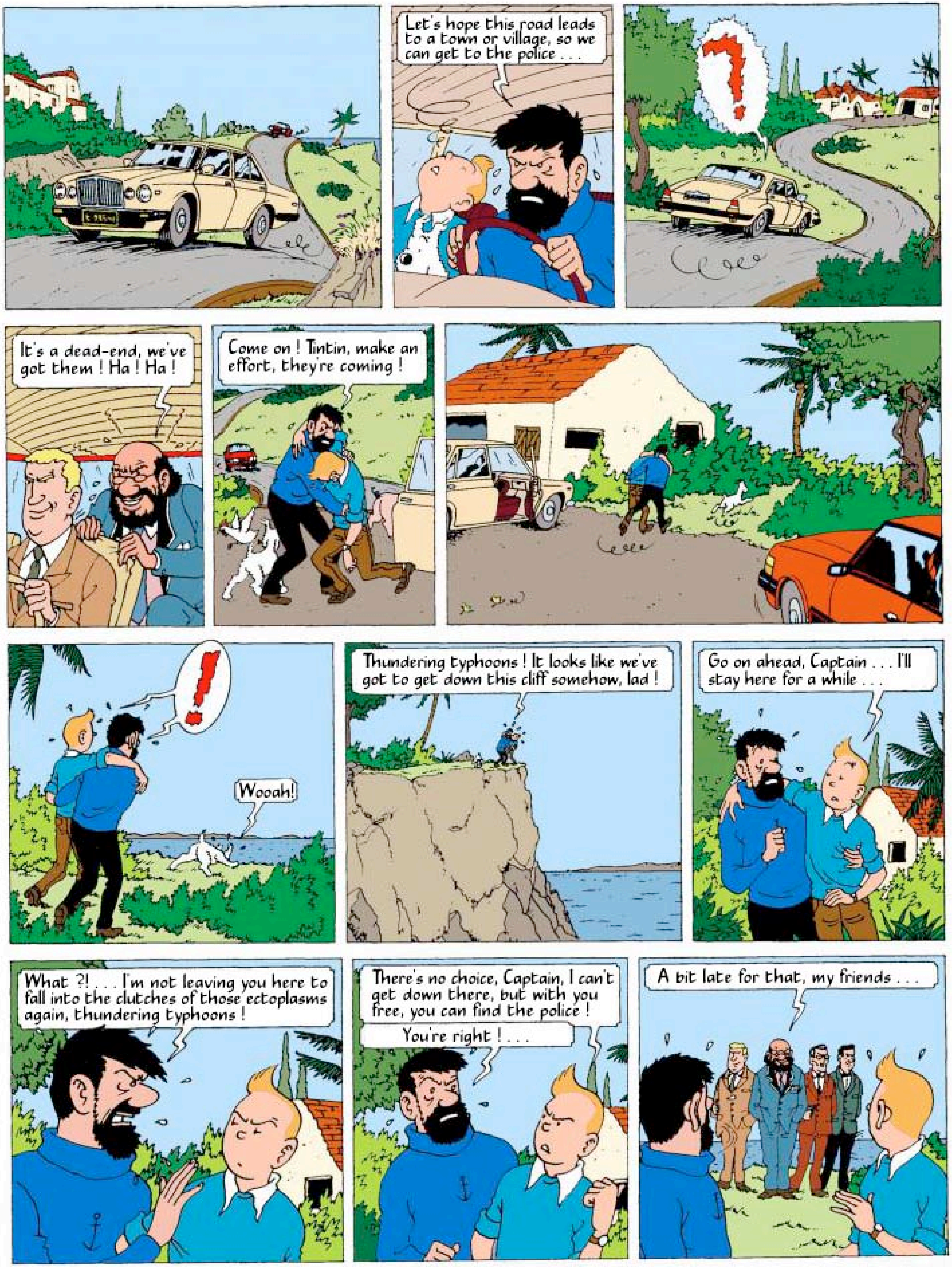

Don't worry, you won't be burnt alive . . .
The plastic will be at the same temperature as a warm bath. A bath in which you shall drown!
BANG
BANG
BANG
OK ! We're ready to go !
?
AARGH!
Finally ! . . . Tintin, I have beaten you ! Ha ! Ha !
AAAAH!
AAAAAH...
Come here !
OK, game over ! . . . Hands up ! Now, where's Tintin ?
Is that you, Captain?
Yes, it's me ! I got your note and . . .
Hurry, help me !
Stop the machine ! Quick ! . . .
Stop it ? . . . How ? . . .


I can't breathe!
Stop it ? I . . . I'd like to, but how do I stop this whatsit?
AARGH!
You ! You're going to stop this infernal machine now !
Impossible !
Once the valve has opened, the mass of plastic running through it makes it impossible to close.
Heh, that's a good one . . .
Right, well, you can help me break open this box, and be quick !
I'll open this box myself . . .
OK, but I've got my eye on you. I'm watching what you're doing . . .
CRACK!
?
STOP! ARE YOU MAD?
STOP, BLISTERING BARNACLES, GIVE ME THAT AXE!
And now, you're going to break open this crate, thundering typhoons!
Pull ! . . . Come on !
CRACK!

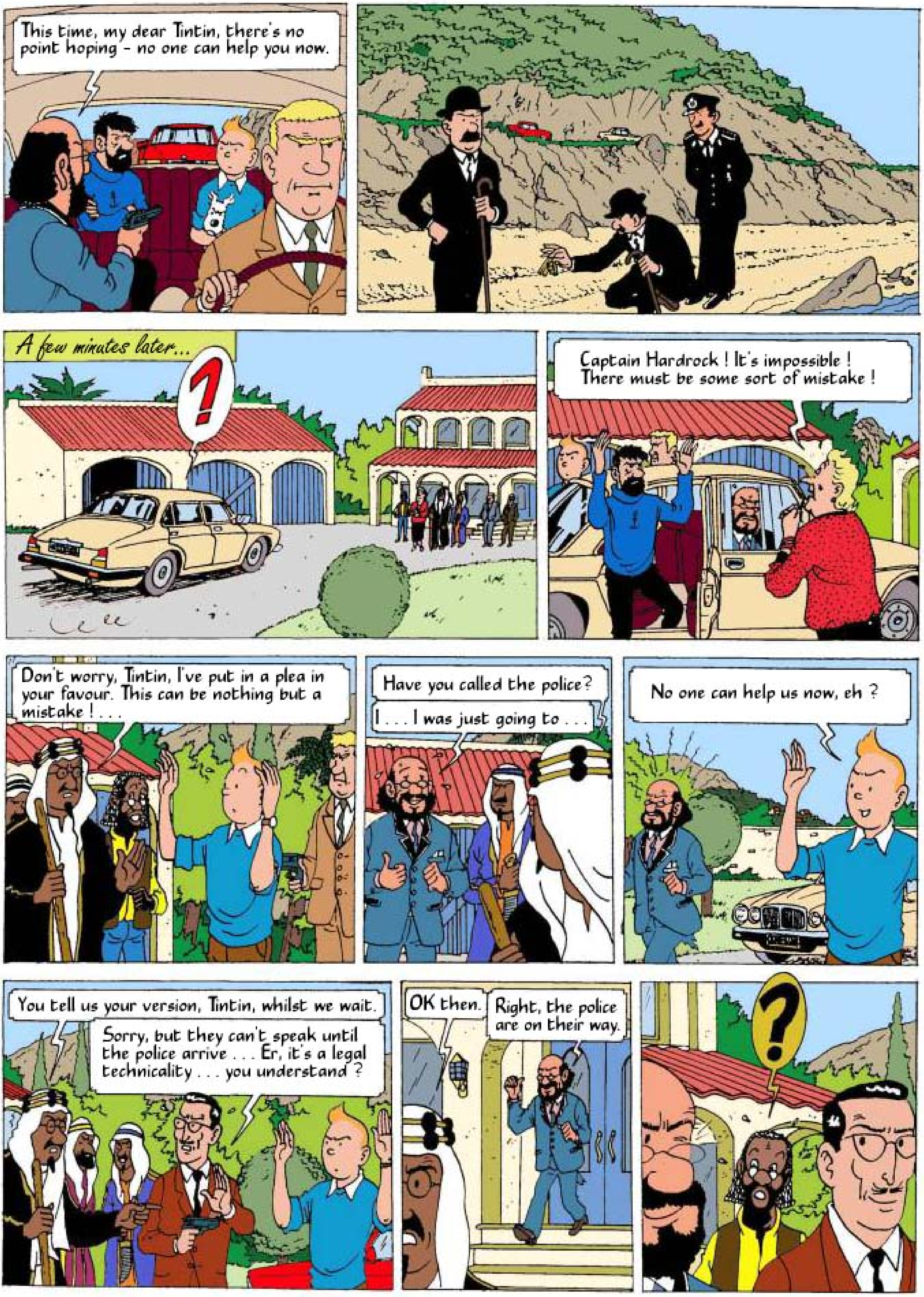

TINTIN!
Wooah!
Tintin ! . . . Lad ! . . . In Heaven's name, say something ! . . .
WOOOUAW...
Captain . . .
Hurray ! . . . He's alive !
The bandits . . .
WOOAH!
Sea-gherkins ! Pyrographers ! Turncoats ! Zapotecs ! . . .
Captain . . .
We've got to get out of here . . .
You think that you'll be alright to run ?
Argh ! . . . They're barricaded the door with a plank of wood !
We'll do it, boss !
BANG
BANG
BANG
CRASH
They've gone !
There ! They're getting away !
I'll stop them, boss, don't worry ! . . .
BANG!
Are you crazy ?! . . . The villa is full of their friends ! ! !
What's going on out here ?!

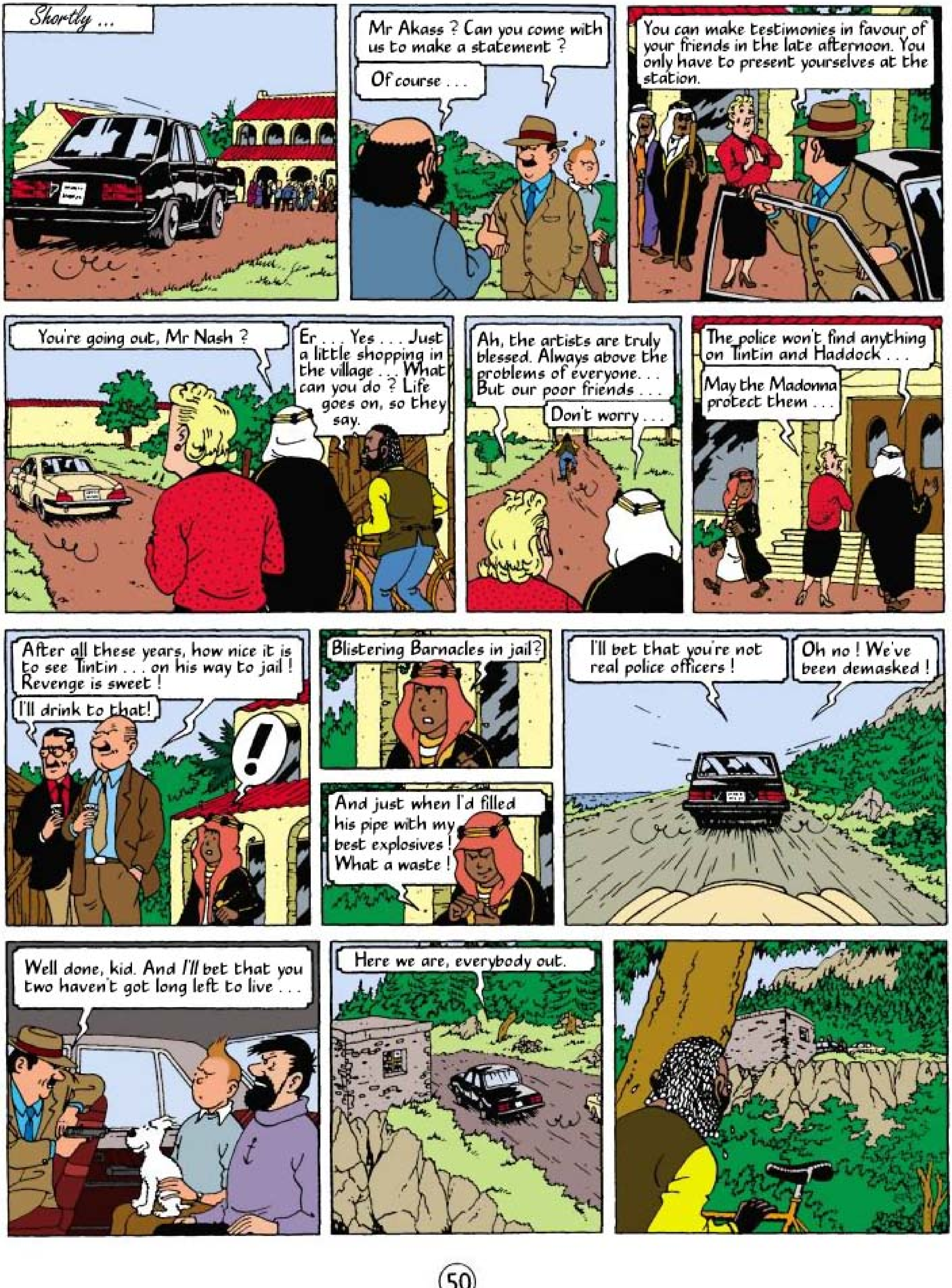


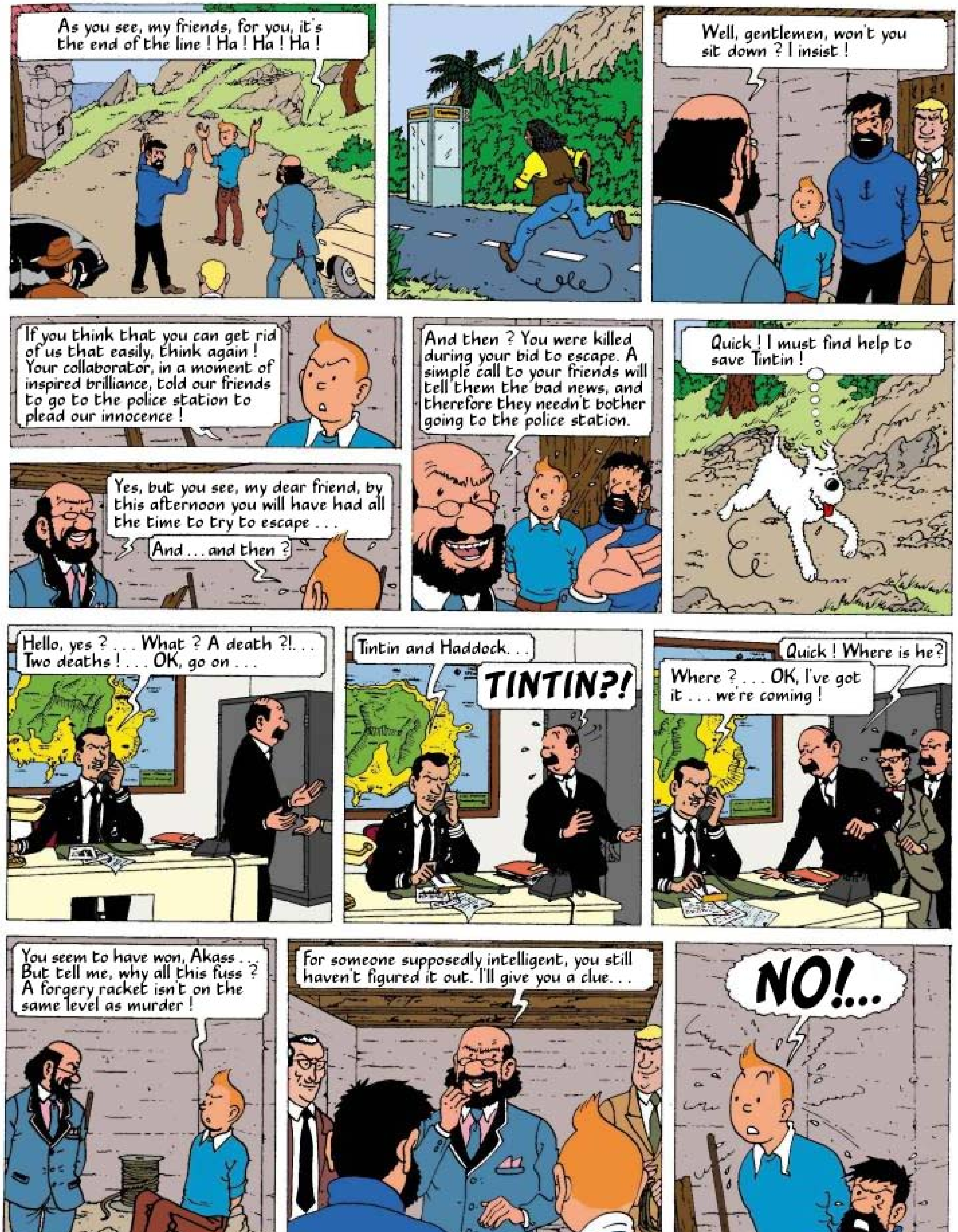
I heard gunshots ! . . .
It . . . er . . . It's nothing, Excellency . . . Some thieves we surprised, and . . .
Oh, how amusing ! You must call Tintin, the young reporter, who we invited yesterday. This would certainly interest him !
That's true . . .
Impossible, he's the thief ! Him and that bearded sailor !
No ! . . .
What ?! . . . That's impossible ! Captain Paddock would never do something like that ! He owns a country house !
And Tintin could never be suspected either!
That's true . . .
VROOM
Whilst you were defending them, they stole one of my cars, your dear friends !
Quick boss, after them ! . . .
What's going on ?
It's unimaginable !
Impossible !
The Master accused our friends Tintin and Captain Hammock of theft ! It's unthinkable !
Myself, I've known Tintin and the Captain for ages, and I am certain that this is a mistake !
How did I get myself mixed up in all of this ? . . .



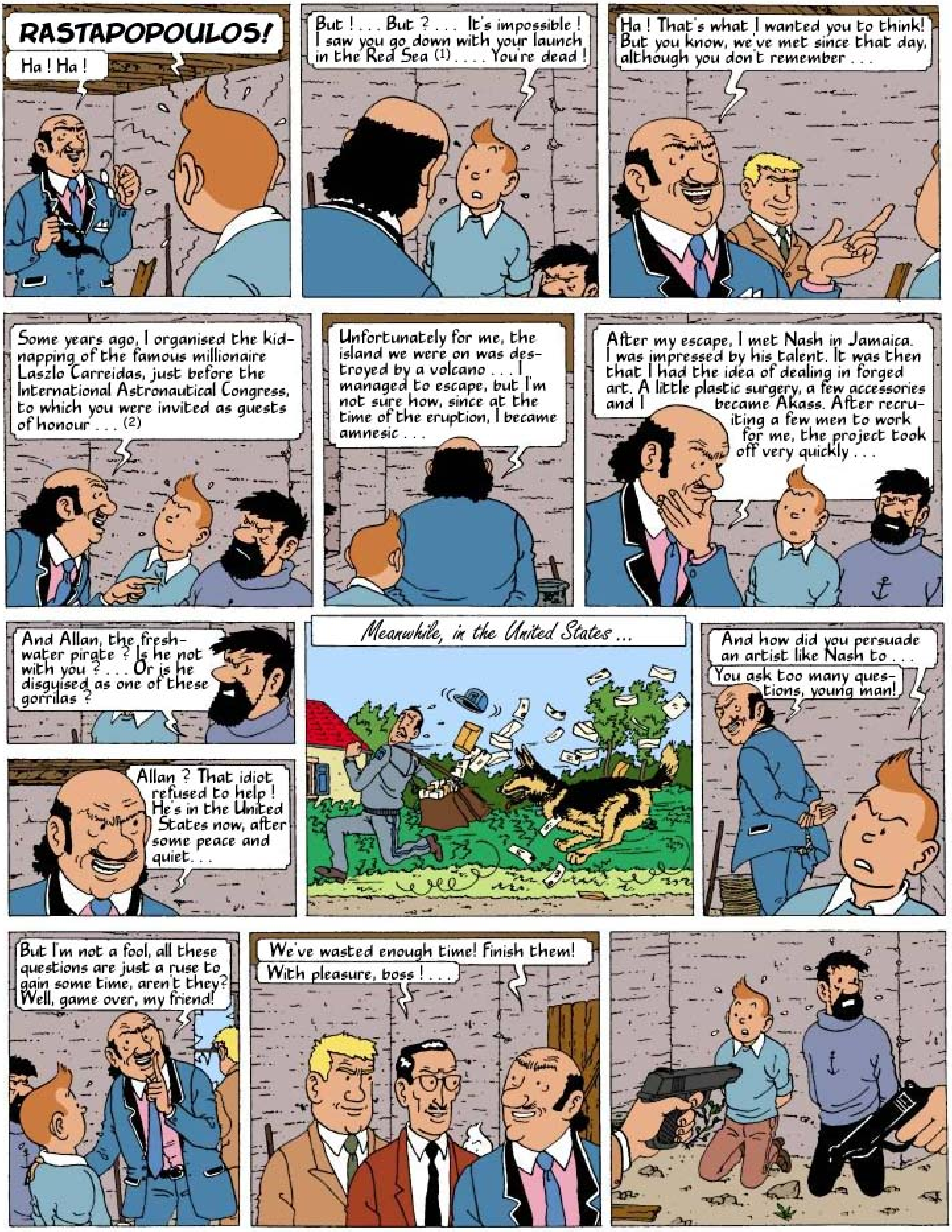
Let's hope this road leads to a town or village, so we can get to the police . . .
?
It's a dead-end, we've got them ! Ha ! Ha !
Come on ! Tintin, make an effort, they're coming !
!
Wooah!
Thundering typhoons ! It looks like we've got to get down this cliff somehow, lad !
Go on ahead, Captain . . . I'll stay here for a while . . .
What ?! . . . I'm not leaving you here to fall into the clutches of those ectoplasms again, thundering typhoons !
There's no choice, Captain, I can't get down there, but with you free, you can find the police !
You're right ! . . .
A bit late for that, my friends . . .


This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping - no one can help you now.
A few minutes later...
?
Captain Hardrock ! It's impossible ! There must be some sort of mistake !
Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake ! . . .
Have you called the police?
I . . . I was just going to . . .
No one can help us now, eh ?
You tell us your version, Tintin, whilst we wait.
Sorry, but they can't speak until the police arrive . . . Er, it's a legal technicality . . . you understand ?
OK then.
Right, the police are on their way.
?

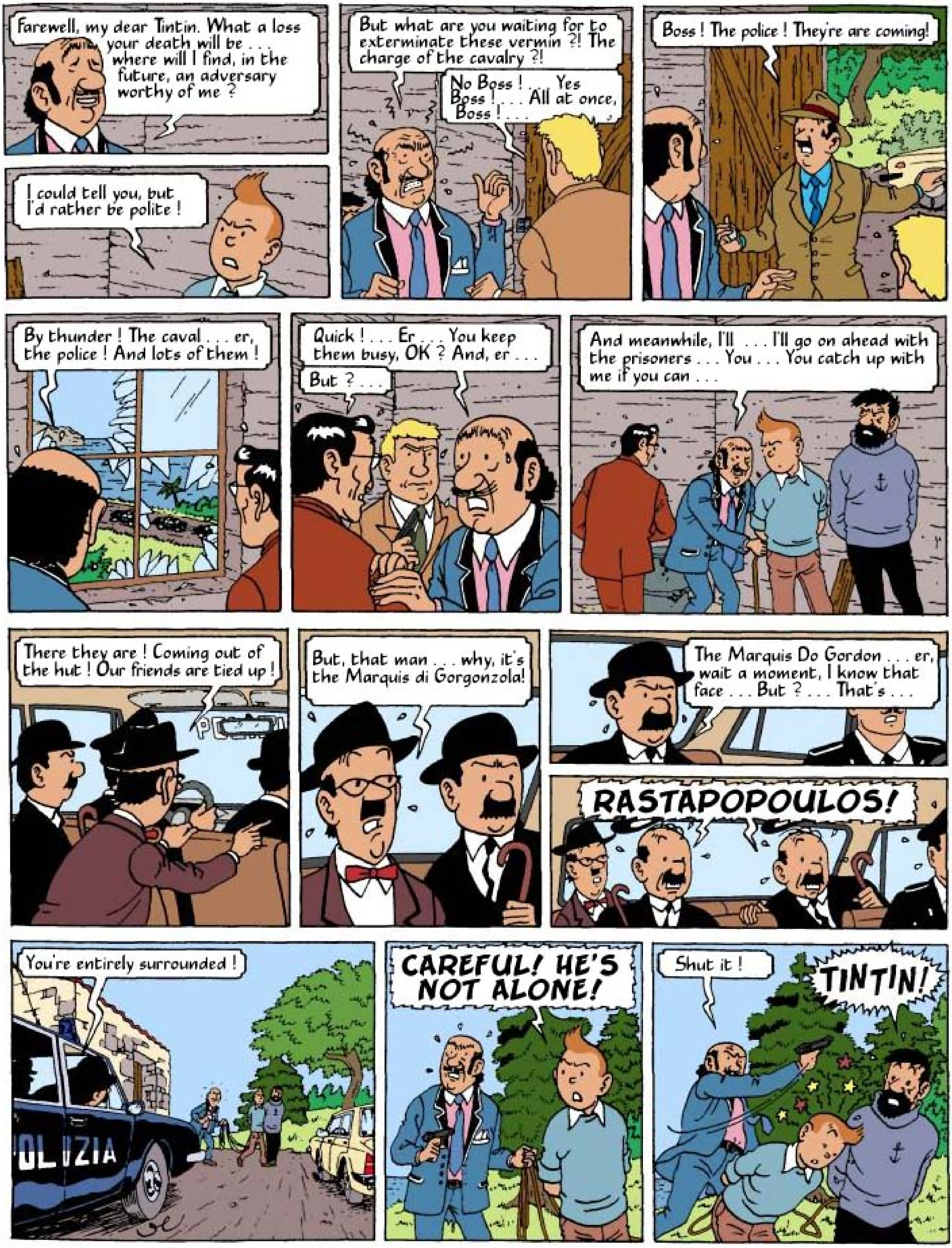

Shortly . . .
Mr Akass ? Can you come with us to make a statement ?
Of course . . .
You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.
You're going out, Mr Nash ?
Er . . . Yes . . . Just a little shopping in the village . . . What can you do ? Life goes on, so they say.
Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone. . . But our poor friends . . .
Don't worry . . .
The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock . . .
May the Madonna protect them . . .
After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin . . . on his way to jail ! Revenge is sweet !
I'll drink to that!
!
Blistering Barnacles in jail?
And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives ! What a waste !
I'll bet that you're not real police officers !
Oh no ! We've been demasked !
Well done, kid. And *I'll* bet that you two haven't got long left to live . . .
Here we are, everybody out.

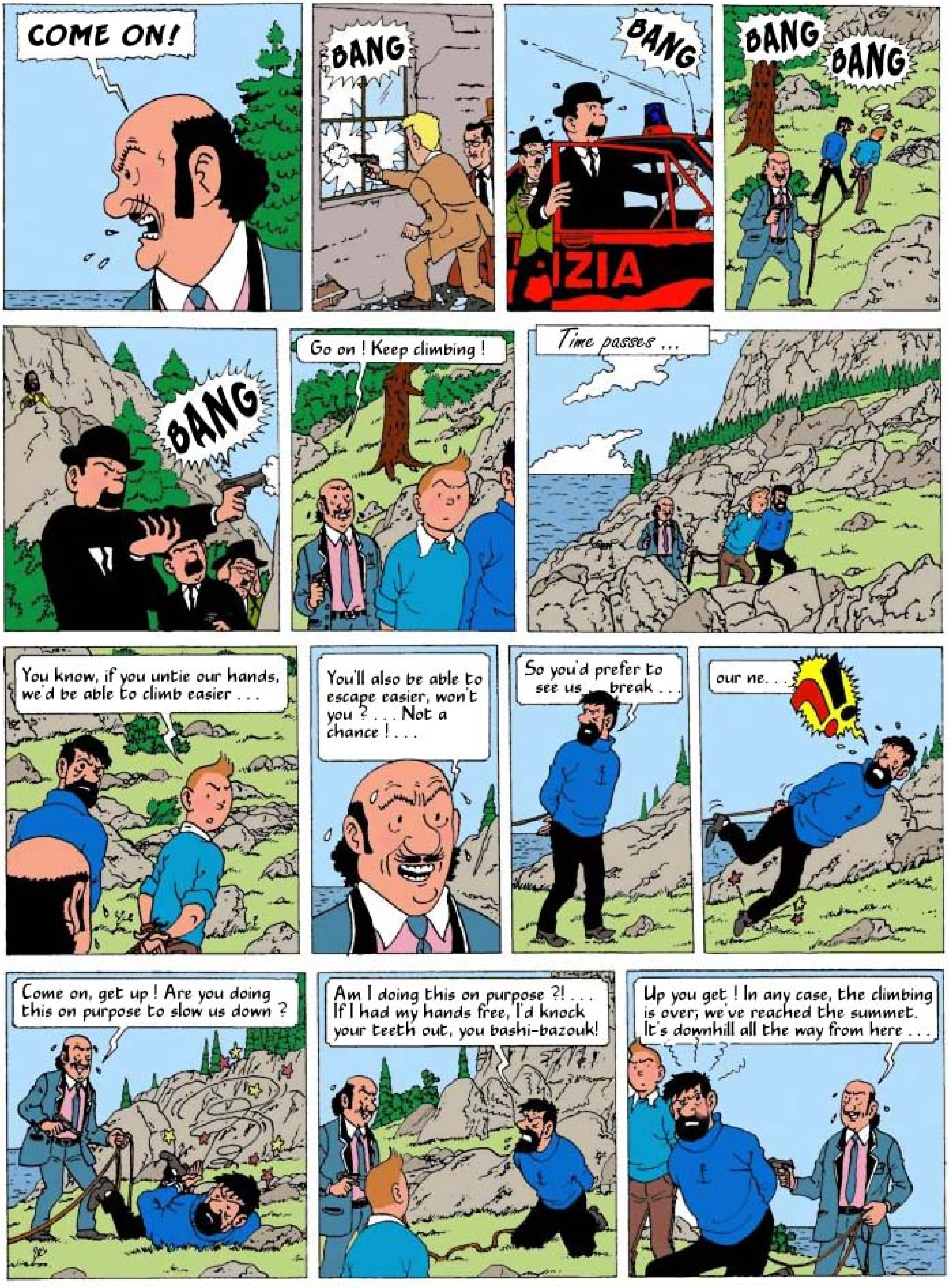


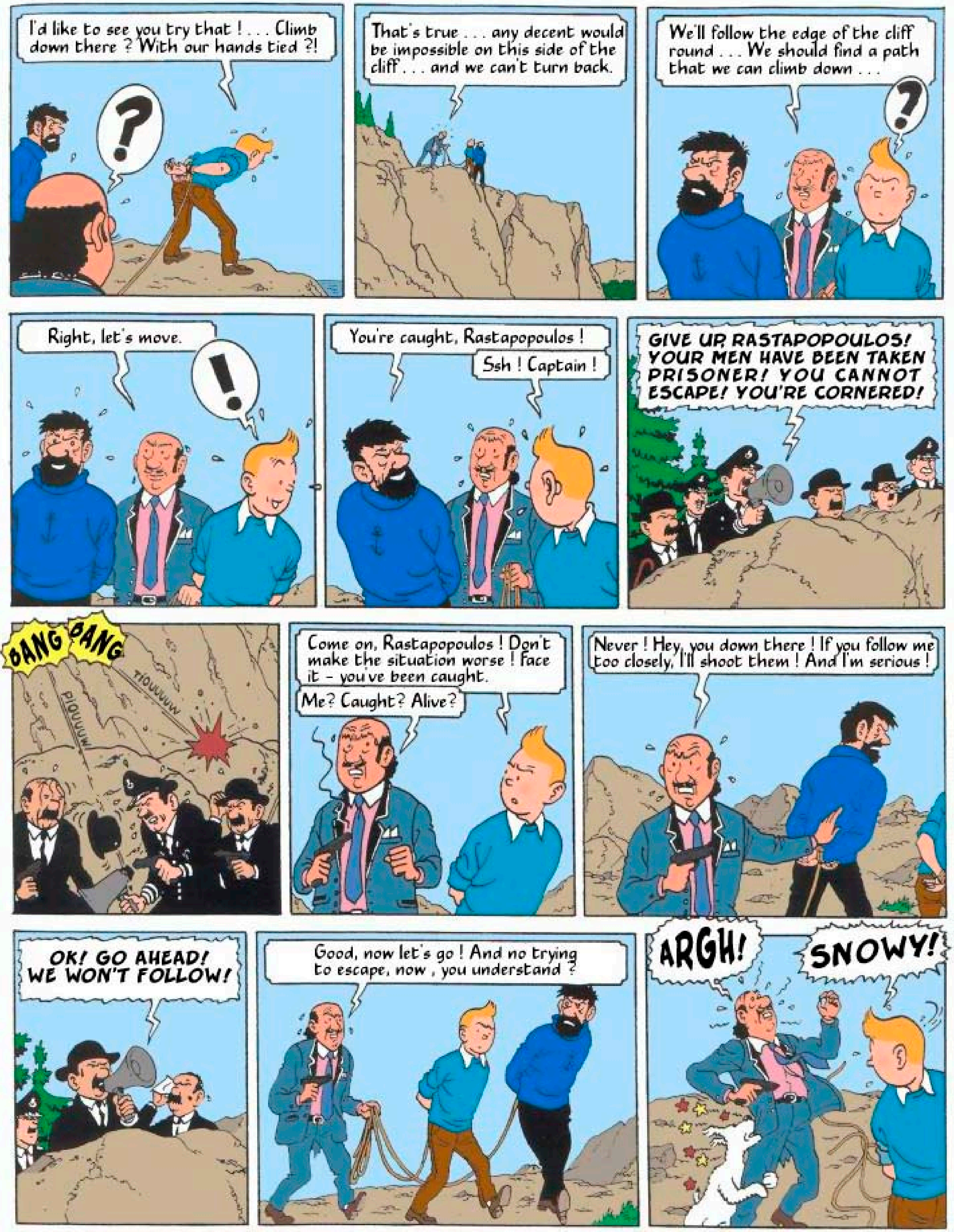
As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down ? I insist !
If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again ! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence !
Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape . . .
And . . . and then ?
And then ? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.
Quick ! I must find help to save Tintin !
Hello, yes ? . . . What ? A death ?! . . . Two deaths ! . . . OK, go on . . .
Tintin and Haddock. . .
TINTIN?!
Quick ! Where is he?
Where ? . . . OK, I've got it . . . we're coming !
You seem to have won, Akass . . . But tell me, why all this fuss ? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder !
For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue. . .
NO!...

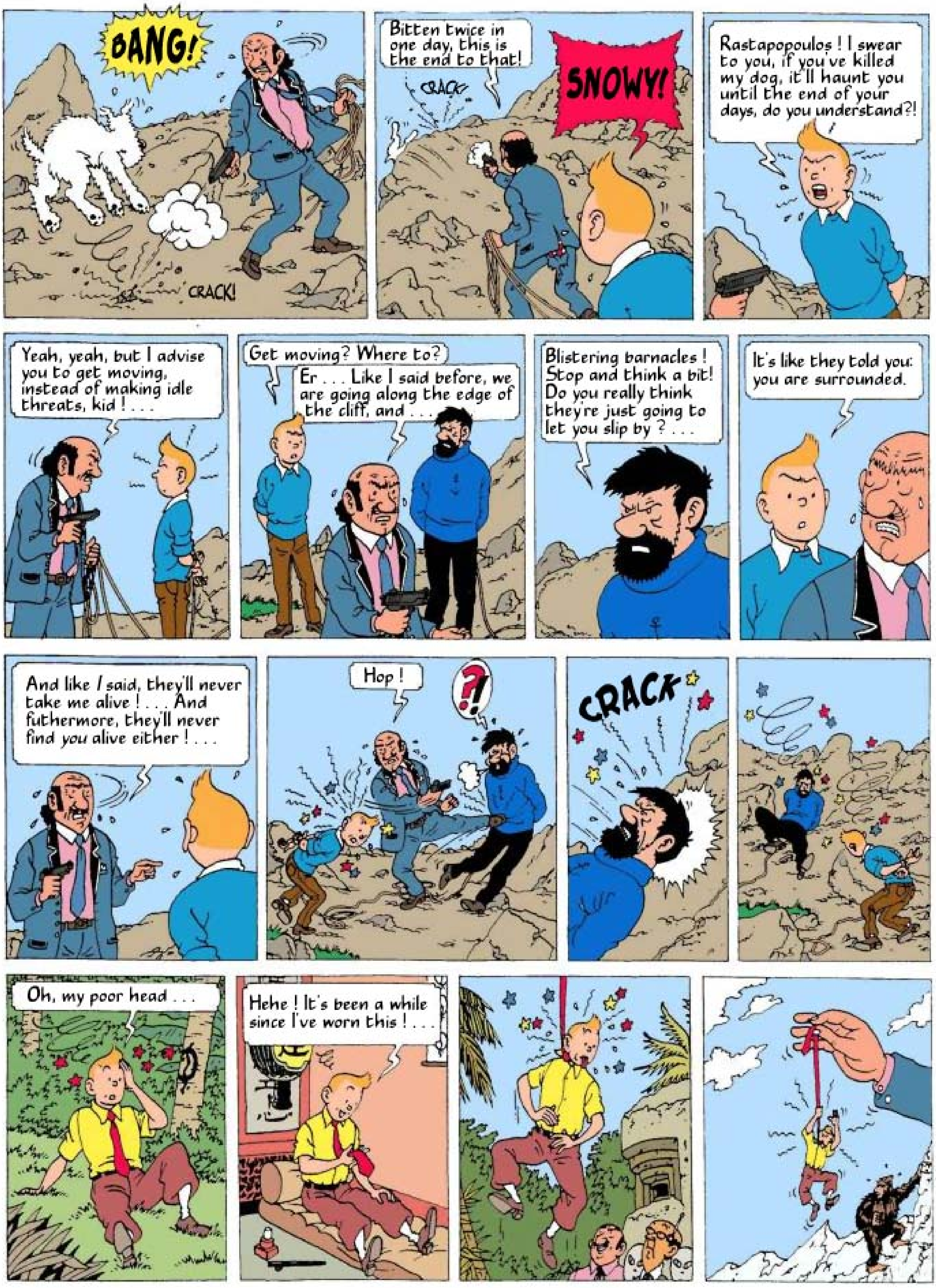


(1) See The Red Sea Sharks
(2) See Flight 714

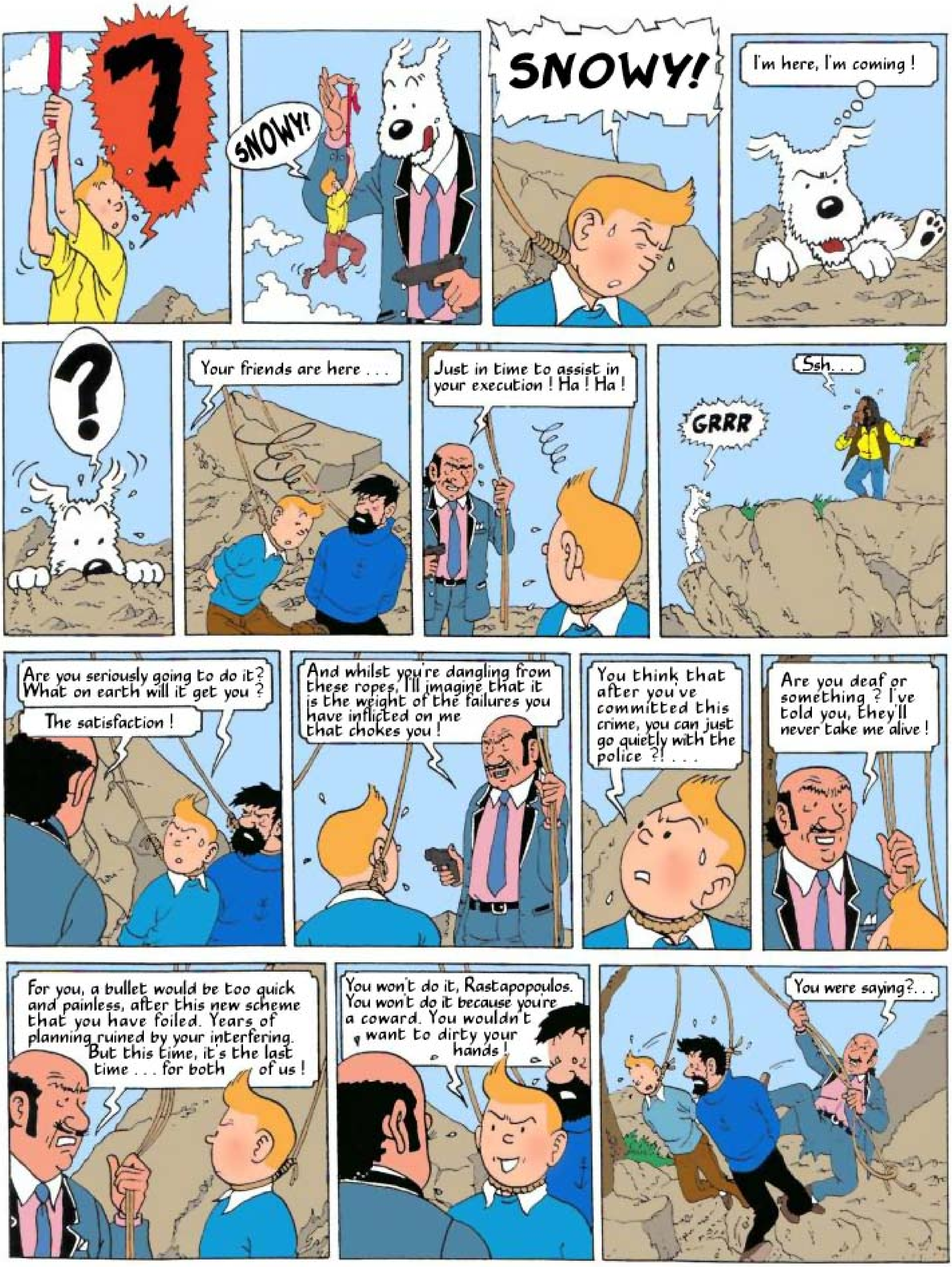

Farewell, my dear Tintin. What a loss your death will be . . . where will I find, in the future, an adversary worthy of me ?
I could tell you, but I'd rather be polite !
But what are you waiting for to exterminate these vermin ?! The charge of the cavalry ?!
No Boss ! . . . Yes Boss ! . . . All at once, Boss ! . . .
Boss ! The police ! They're are coming!
By thunder ! The caval . . . er, the police ! And lots of them !
Quick ! . . . Er . . . You keep them busy, OK ? And, er . . .
But ? . . .
And meanwhile, I'll . . . I'll go on ahead with the prisoners . . . You . . . You catch up with me if you can . . .
There they are ! Coming out of the hut ! Our friends are tied up !
But, that man . . . why, it's the Marquis di Gorgonzola!
The Marquis Do Gordon . . . er, wait a moment, I know that face . . . But ? . . . That's . . .
RASTAPOPOULOS!
You're entirely surrounded !
POLIZIA
CAREFUL! HE'S NOT ALONE!
Shut it !
TINTIN!

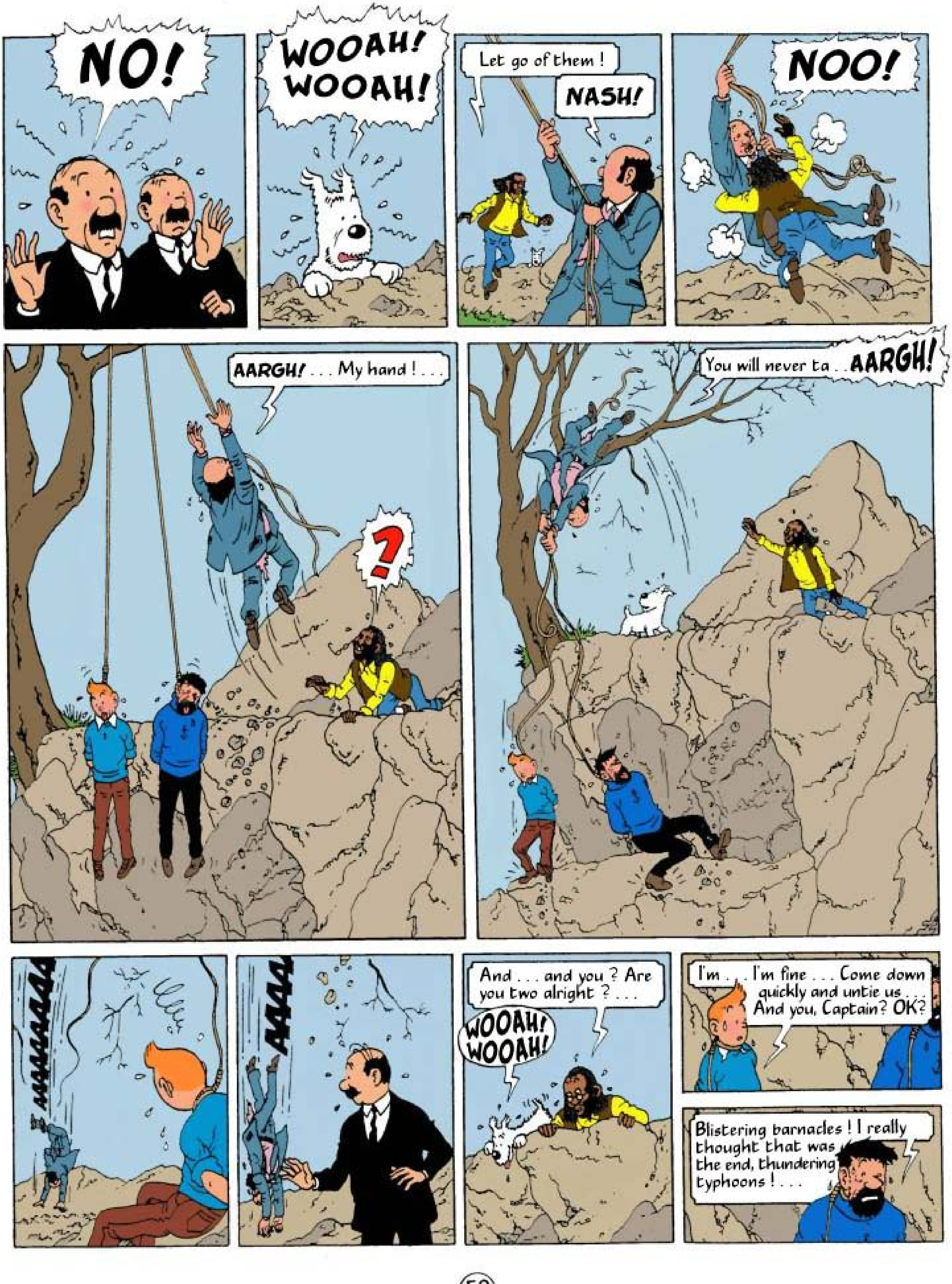

COME ON!
BANG
BANG
IZIA
BANG
BANG
BANG
Go on ! Keep climbing !
Time passes ...
You know, if you untie our hands, we'd be able to climb easier . . .
You'll also be able to escape easier, won't you ? . . . Not a chance ! . . .
So you'd prefer to see us ... break . . .
our ne. . .
Come on, get up ! Are you doing this on purpose to slow us down ?
Am I doing this on purpose ?! . . . If I had my hands free, I'd knock your teeth out, you bashi-bazouk!
Up you get ! In any case, the climbing is over; we've reached the summet. It's downhill all the way from here . . .


I'd like to see you try that ! . . . Climb down there ? With our hands tied ?!
?
That's true . . . any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff . . . and we can't turn back.
We'll follow the edge of the cliff round . . . We should find a path that we can climb down . . .
?
Right, let's move.
!
You're caught, Rastapopoulos !
Ssh ! Captain !
GIVE UP, RASTAPOPOULOS! YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!
BANG BANG
PIOUUUW
PIOUUUUW
Come on, Rastapopoulos ! Don't make the situation worse ! Face it - you've been caught.
Me? Caught? Alive?
Never ! Hey, you down there ! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them ! And I'm serious !
OK! GO AHEAD! WE WON'T FOLLOW!
Good, now let's go ! And no trying to escape, now , you understand ?
ARGH!
SNOWY!



BANG!
CRACK!
Bitten twice in one day, this is the end to that!
CRACK!
SNOWY!
Rastapopoulos ! I swear to you, if you've killed my dog, it'll haunt you until the end of your days, do you understand?!
Yeah, yeah, but I advise you to get moving, instead of making idle threats, kid ! . . .
Get moving? Where to?
Er . . . Like I said before, we are going along the edge of the cliff, and . . .
Blistering barnacles ! Stop and think a bit! Do you really think they're just going to let you slip by ? . . .
It's like they told you: you are surrounded.
And like I said, they'll never take me alive ! . . . And futhermore, they'll never find you alive either ! . . .
Hop !
?!
CRACK
Oh, my poor head . . .
Hehe ! It's been a while since I've worn this ! . . .

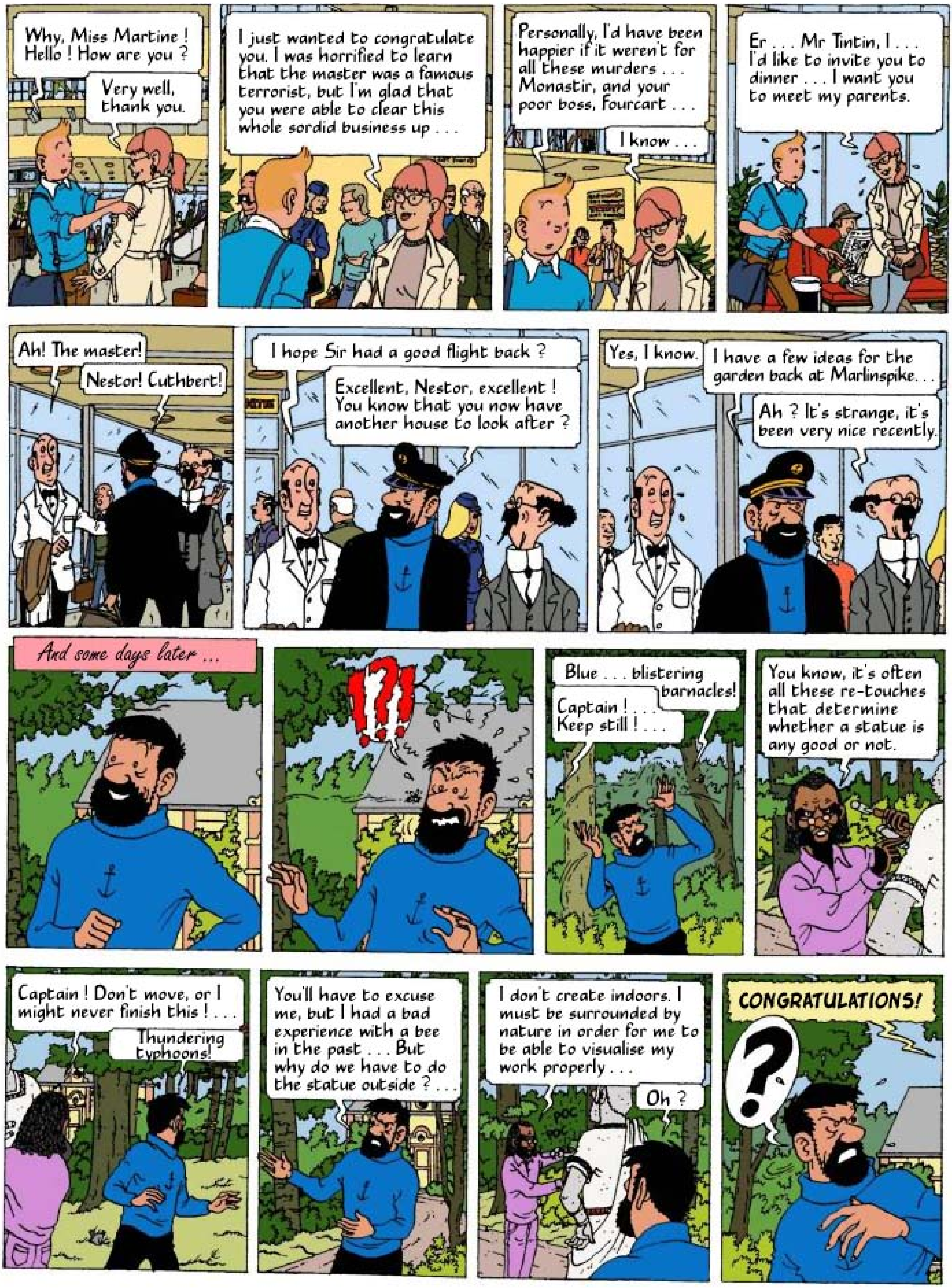

?
SNOWY!
SNOWY!
I'm here, I'm coming !
?
Your friends are here . . .
Just in time to assist in your execution ! Ha ! Ha !
GRRR
Ssh. . .
Are you seriously going to do it? What on earth will it get you ?
The satisfaction !
And whilst you're dangling from these ropes, I'll imagine that it is the weight of the failures you have inflicted on me that chokes you !
You think that after you've committed this crime, you can just go quietly with the police ?! . . .
Are you deaf or something ? I've told you, they'll never take me alive !
For you, a bullet would be too quick and painless, after this new scheme that you have foiled. Years of planning ruined by your interfering. But this time, it's the last time . . . for both of us !
You won't do it, Rastapopoulos. You won't do it because you're a coward. You wouldn't want to dirty your hands !
You were saying?. . .


NO!
WOOAH! WOOAH!
Let go of them !
NASH!
NOO!
AARGH! . . . My hand ! . . .
?
You will never ta . . AARGH!
AAAAAAAAA
AAAA
And . . . and you ? Are you two alright ? . . .
WOOAH! WOOAH!
I'm . . . I'm fine . . . Come down quickly and untie us . . . And you, Captain? OK?
Blistering barnacles ! I really thought that was the end, thundering typhoons ! . . .

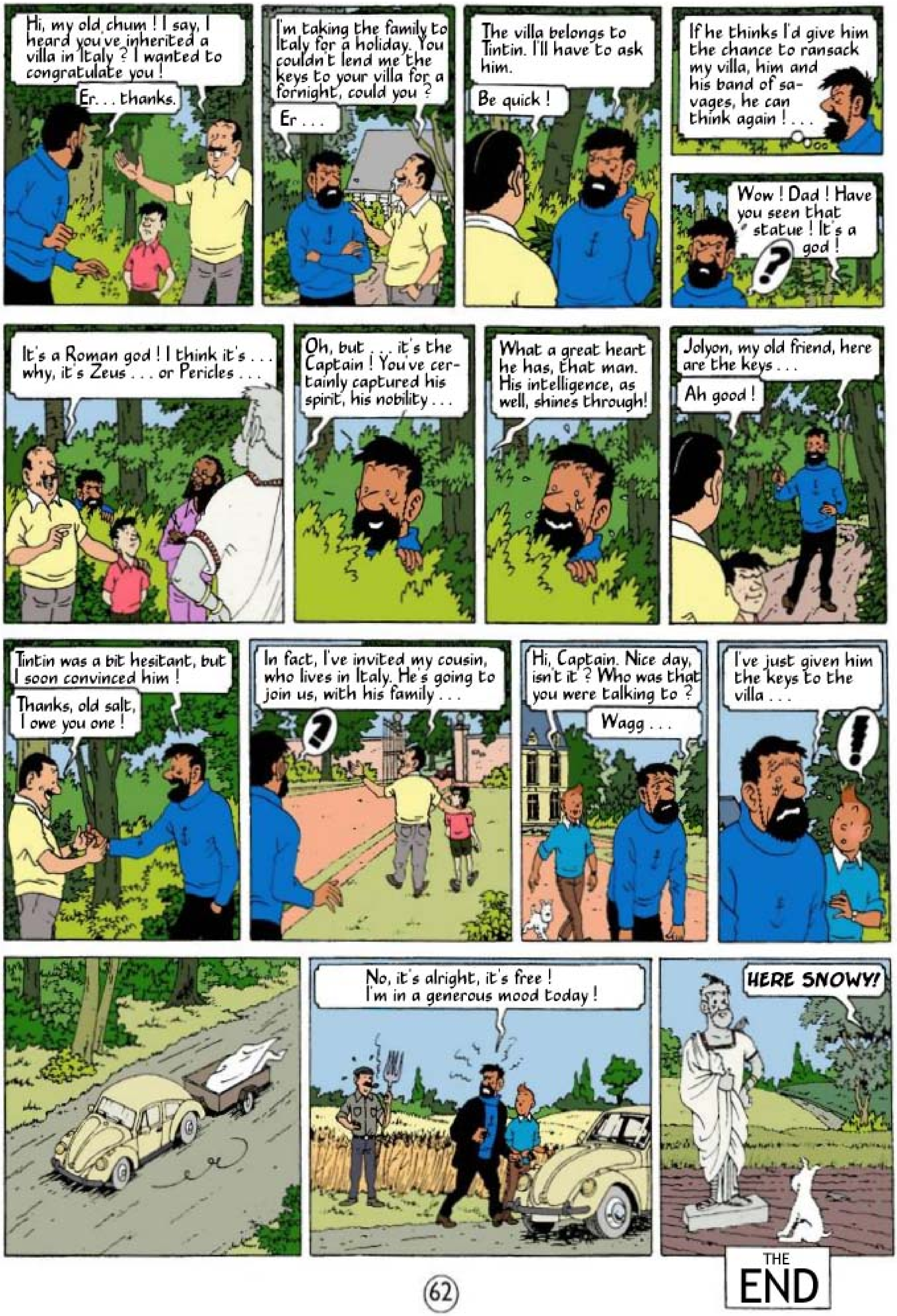


And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.
Phew ! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape . . . no, a narrow . . .
Definitely ! . . . But how did you find us here, in Ischia ?
For some time, Akass had been suspcted of an illegal traffic of old paintings . . . We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.
Ah ? . . .
Come on, we'd better go down and find the . . .
. . .the bandit.
That's right. . .
So, we met Mr Wagner at the station . . . he told us of your bizarre arrest . . . then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash . . . er . . .
Nash . . . But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes.
Isn't that right, Mr Nash?
Er . . . that's right. . .
But I'm not a bad man ! I . . . When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving !
. . . then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition !
And all I did was paint canvasses in the style of classical artists. It's a gift. I'd always done that . . .
Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.
Ah ! There ! I . . . I think I see him.
Is . . . is he . . . ?
Yes . . . dead.
God rest his soul !


Alph-Art busin
Ben Kalish Ezab abandons plans to
art ... ums in Khemed
Akass & Alph-Art : the truth behind the cover
RASTAPOPOULOS : TALENTED FRAUD
RAMÓ NASH : TALENTED FORGER
The reporter Tintin foils an internatio
PICASSOS, MONETS AND MORE
FROM LEFT : HADDOCK, SNOWY & TINTIN
Ischia, Italy.
TINTIN TAKES UP THE
RASTAPOPOULOS, BEFORE AS AKASS, THANKS TO
ACCOMPLICE?
Result is expected on Tuesday.
Two days later ...
By thunder ! More journalists!
?
Look here, Mr Tintin !
Here
Mr Tintin, a few words ? . . .
Certainly, Mr Willoughly-Drupe . . .
Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa ?
Yes, that's right.
Do you plan to stay there?
Blistering barnacles ! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike ! I will never set foot in Italy again !
Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting ?
Yes, that's true.
Mr Tintin . . .



Why, Miss Martine ! Hello ! How are you ?
Very well, thank you.
I just wanted to congratulate you. I was horrified to learn that the master was a famous terrorist, but I'm glad that you were able to clear this whole sordid business up . . .
Personally, I'd have been happier if it weren't for all these murders . . . Monastir, and your poor boss, Fourcart . . .
I know . . .
Er . . . Mr Tintin, I . . . I'd like to invite you to dinner . . . I want you to meet my parents.
Ah! The master!
Nestor! Cuthbert!
I hope Sir had a good flight back ?
Excellent, Nestor, excellent ! You know that you now have another house to look after ?
Yes, I know.
I have a few ideas for the garden back at Marlinspike. . .
Ah ? It's strange, it's been very nice recently.
And some days later . . .
!??!
Blue . . . blistering barnacles!
Captain ! . . . Keep still ! . . .
You know, it's often all these re-touches that determine whether a statue is any good or not.
Captain ! Don't move, or I might never finish this ! . . .
Thundering typhoons!
You'll have to excuse me, but I had a bad experience with a bee in the past . . . But why do we have to do the statue outside ? . . .
I don't create indoors. I must be surrounded by nature in order for me to be able to visualise my work properly . . .
Oh ?
CONGRATULATIONS!
?

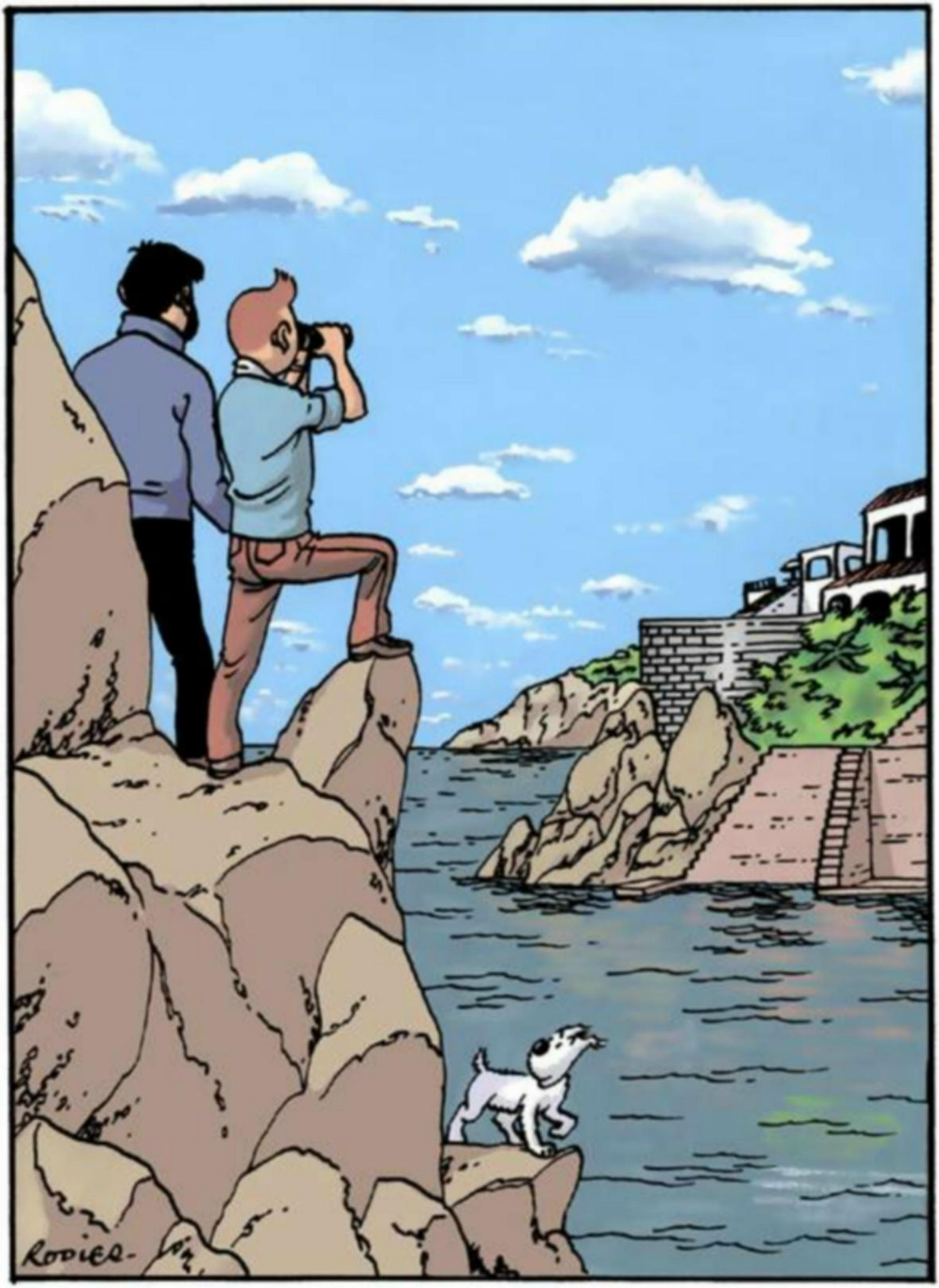

Hi, my old chum ! I say, I heard you've inherited a villa in Italy ? I wanted to congratulate you !
Er. . . thanks.
I'm taking the family to Italy for a holiday. You couldn't lend me the keys to your villa for a fornight, could you ?
Er . . .
The villa belongs to Tintin. I'll have to ask him.
Be quick !
If he thinks I'd give him the chance to ransack my villa, him and his band of savages, he can think again ! . . .
Wow ! Dad ! Have you seen that statue ! It's a god !
It's a Roman god ! I think it's . . . why, it's Zeus . . . or Pericles . . .
Oh, but . . . it's the Captain ! You've certainly captured his spirit, his nobility . . .
What a great heart he has, that man. His intelligence, as well, shines through!
Jolyon, my old friend, here are the keys . . .
Ah good !
Tintin was a bit hesitant, but I soon convinced him !
Thanks, old salt, I owe you one !
In fact, I've invited my cousin, who lives in Italy. He's going to join us, with his family . . .
Hi, Captain. Nice day, isn't it ? Who was that you were talking to ?
Wagg . . .
I've just given him the keys to the villa . . .
No, it's alright, it's free ! I'm in a generous mood today !
HERE SNOWY!

THE END




RODIER.


Rodier.


RODIER


RODIER.





TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.